0 . 3. 0 432 Beaumont (F.) and J. Fletcher, The Scornful Ladie, a Comedie Barton.
Settled Dec. 9. 1856. 1616

207
12

TREASURE ROOM
Accessions
151.658

Shelf No.
G.3967.9

Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.

Imperfect
Lacks ff. F4, G.1 (?)* c.f.

No. 4 in S. 3966.15

* Lacks only G2 + G3?

THE SCORNFVL LADIE.

A Comedie.

As it was Acted (with great applause) by *the Children of Her Maiesties* Reuels in the BLACKE FRYERS.

Written by
FRA. BEAVMONT and Io. FLETCHER, Gent.

LONDON
Printed for *Myles Partrich*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *George* neere S^t. *Dunstons* Church in *Fleet-streete*. 1616.

Barton
151,65-8
May 1873

The Scornful Lady:
A COMEDY.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter the two Loueleſſes, Sauill the Steward, and a Page.

Eld. Lou.

BRother, is your laſt hope paſt to mollifie *Moore-crafts* heart about your Morgage?

Yong. Loue. Hopeleſly paſt: I haue preſented the Vſurer with a richer draught, then euer *Cleopatra* ſwallowed; he hath ſuckt in ten thouſand pownds worth of my Land, more then hee paid for at a gulpe, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I haue as hard a task to performe in this houſe.

Yo. Lo. Faith mine was to make a Vſerer honeſt, or to looſe my land.

El. Lo. And mine is to perſwade a paſſionate woman, or to leaue the Land.

Sauill make the boate ſtay, I feare I ſhall begin my vnfortunate iourney this night, though the darkeneſſe of the night and the roughnes of the waters might eaſily diſſwade an vnwilling man.

Sauil. Sir, your fathers old friends hold it the ſounder courſe for your body and eſtate, to ſtay at home, and marry, and propagate, and gouerne in your Countrey, then to trauell for diſeaſes, and returne following the Court in a nightcap, and die without iſſue.

El. Lo. Sauill, you ſhall gaine the opinion of a better

ſeruant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter my will, howſoeuer my intents ſucceede.

Yo.Lo. Yonders Miſtres *Yongloue* brother, the graue rubber of your miſtres toes.

Enter Miſtres Yongloue the waiting woman.

El.Lo. Miſtres *Yongloue.*

Yong. Mr. *Loueleſſe*, truly wee thought your ſailes had beene hoiſt: my Miſtres is perſwaded you are Sea-ſicke ere this.

El Lo. Loues ſhe her ill taken vp reſolution ſo dearely? Didſt thou moue her for me?

Yong. By this light that ſhines, thers no remouing her, if ſhe get a ſtiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day when they ſay a woman can deny nothing.

El.Lo. What critirall minute was that?

Yong. When her ſmock was ouer her eares: but ſhee was no more pliant then if it hung about her heeles.

El.Lo. I prethee deliuer my ſeruice, and ſay I deſire to ſee the deere cauſe of my baniſhment; and then for *France.*

Yong. He doe't: harke hether, is that your Brother?

El.Lo. Yes, haue you loſt your memory?

Yong. As I liue hee's a pretty fellow. *Exit.*

Yo Lo. O this is a ſweete *Brache.*

El.Lo. VVhy ſhe knows not you.

Yo.Lo: No, but ſhe offered me once to know her: to this day ſhe loues youth of eighteene; ſhe heard a tale how *Cupid* ſtrooke her in loue with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he neuer ſawe her; yet ſhee in kindneſſe would needes weare a willow garland at his wedding. She lou'd all the Players in the laſt Queenes time once ouer: She was ſtrook when they acted louers, and forſook ſome when they plaid murtherers. Shee has nine *Spurroyals*, and the ſeruants ſay ſhe hords old gold; and ſhe herſelfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldeſt ſonne, or her Miſtres husbands Clark that ſhall be, that marries her, ſhall make her a iointure of foureſcore pounds a yeer; ſhe tels tales of the ſeruing-men.

El Lo. Enough, I know her brother. I ſhall entreate you onely to ſalute my Miſtres, and take leaue, wee'l part at the ſtaires.

Enter

Enter Lady and waiting woman.

La. Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed: whats the rest?

El.Lo. First let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

La. I shall take it as a fauour done to me, though the gentleman hath receiued but an vntimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would haue been ready to haue done him freer curtesies as a stranger, then vpon those cold commendations.

Yo.Lo. Lady, my salutations craue acquaintance and leaue at once.

La. Sir I hope you are the master of your owne occasions. *Ex.Yo.Lo.Sauil.*

El.Lo. VVould I were so. Mistres, for me to praise ouer againe that worth, which all the world, and you your selfe can see.

La. Its a cold Rome this; Seruant.

El.Lo. Mistres.

La. What thinke you if I haue a chimney fort out heer?

El.Lo. Mistres another in my place, that were not tyed to beleeue all your actions iust, would apprehend himselfe wronged: But I, whose vertues are constancy & obedience.

La. Yongloue, make a good fire aboue to warme me after my seruants *Exordiums.*

El.Lo. I haue heard and seene your affability to bee such, that the seruants you giue wages to may speake.

La. Tis true, tis true; but they speake toth' purpose.

El.Lo. Mistres your will leades my speeches from the purpose. But as a man ———

La. A *Simile* seruant? This roome was built for honest meaners, that deliuer themselues hastily and plainely, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes*, and *metaphors*? If you haue ought to say, breake intoo't; my answers shall very reasonably meete you.

El.Lo. Mistres I came to see you.

La. Thats happily dispacht, the next.

El.Lo. To take leaue of you.

La. To be gon? *El.Lo.* Yes.

La. You neede not haue dispair'd of that, nor haue vs'd so many circumstances to win me to giue you leaue to performe my command: Is there a third.

El.Lo. Yes, I had a third, had you been apt to heare it.

La. I? neuer apter. Fast (good seruant) fast.

El.Lo. Twas to intreat you to heare reason.

La. Most willingly, haue you brought one can speake it?

El.Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart loue and forgiuenes.

La. You would stay at home?

El.Lo. Yes Ladie.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you haue debated that your commander is but your Mistres, a woman, a weake one, wildly ouerborne with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Douers* dreadfull cliffe, passing in a pore waterhouse; the dangers of the mercilesse channell twixt that and *Calis*, fiue long houres saile, with three pore weekes victuals.

El.Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, vnable to enquire for an Englisn hoast, to remoue from Citty to Cittie, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rod in quest of his mother tongue.

El.Lo You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost inuincible labours) performed for your mistres to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new alleagance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter, and after your whole yeare spent in tennis and broken-speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at at your returne, and haue tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

El.Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

El.Lo. You know your least word is of force to make mee seeke out dangers, moue mee not with toies: but in this banishment, I must take leaue to say, you are vniust: was one kisse forc't from you in publike by me so vnpardonable? why all the howers of day and night haue seene vs kisse.

La.

La Tis true, and so you satisfied the company that heard me chide.

El Lo. Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I?

La. And so you told vm.

El.Lo. I did, yet no signe of disgrace neede to haue staind your cheeke: you your selfe knew your pure and simple heart to be most vnspotted, and free from the least baseneſſe.

La. I did: But if a Maides heart doth but once thinke that shee is suspected, her owne face will write her guiltie.

El.Lo. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew vs, knew our resolutions well: And could it bee hop'd that I should giue away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I neuer kist? or could I in strict wisdome take too much loue vpon me, from her that chose me for her husband?

La. Beleeue me; if my wedding smock were on,
Were the gloues bought and giuen, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all
The Hipocrists and cakes eate and drunke off,
Were these two armes incompast with the hands
Of Bachelers, to leade me to the Church;
Were my feete in the dore, were I *Iohn*, said,
If *Iohn* should boast a fauour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,
When you haue spent his yeere commodiously,
In atcheiuing Languages, will at your returne
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eies,
Then such a friend: More talke I hold not now,
If you dare goe!

El.Lo. I dare you know; First let me kisse.

La. Farewell sweet seruant, your taske perform'd,
On a new ground as a beginning sutor,
I shall be apt to heare you.

Eld.Lo. Farewell cruell Mistres. *Exit Ladie.*

Enter Yong Loueleſſe and Sauill.

Yo.Lo. Brother youle hazard the loosing your tide to *Graueſend*: you haue a long halfe mile by land to *Greene-wich*.

El.Lo. I goe: but brother, what yet vnheard of courſe to liue, doth your imagination flatter you with? your ordinary meanes are deuourd.

Yo.Lo. Courſe? why horſe-courſing I thinke. Conſume no time in this: I haue no eſtate to bee mended by meditation: hee that buſies himſelfe about my fortunes, may properly be ſaid to buſie himſelfe about nothing.

El.Lo. Yet ſome courſe you muſt take, which for my ſatisfaction reſolue and open: If you will ſhape none, I muſt informe you, that that man but perſwades himſelfe hee meanes to liue, that imagins not the meanes.

Yo.Lo. Why liue vpon others, as others haue liued vpon mee.

El.Lo. I apprehend not that: you haue fed others, and conſequently diſpoſd of vm: and the ſame meaſure muſt you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heauy an alteration for you to beare.

Yo.Lo. VVhy ile purſe; if that raiſe mee not, Ile bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores; I would fain liue by others: but Ile liue whilſt I am vnhangd, and after the thoughts taken.

El.Lo. I ſee you are tide to no particular imployment then.

Yo.Lo. Faith I may chooſe my courſe: they ſay nature brings foorth none but ſhee prouides for em: Ile trie her liberalitie.

El.Lo. Well, to keepe your feete out of baſe and dangerous paths, I haue reſolued you ſhall liue as Maſter of my houſe. It ſhall bee your care *Sauill* to ſee him fed and clothed, not according to his preſent eſtate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo.Lo. If it be referd to him, if I be not found in Carnation Iearſie ſtockins, blew diuels breeches, with three guards downe, and my pocket ith ſleeues, ile nere looke you i'th face againe.

Sa. A comlier wear I wuſſe it is then thoſe dangling ſlops.

El.

El.Lo. To keep you ready to doe him all seruice peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leaue these furt her directions in writing, which at your best leisure together open and reade.

Enter Yongloue to them with a Iewell.

Abi. Sir my Mrs. commends her leaue to you in this token, and these words; It is a Iewell (she saies) which as a fauour from her shee would request you to weare till your yeares trauell be performed: which once expired, she will hastily expect your happy returne.

El Lo. Returne my seruice with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a sodenly ouer-ioyed man would willingly vtter: and you (I hope) I shall with slender arguments perswade to weare this Diamond, that when my Mistres shall through my long absence, and the approch of new sutors, offer to forget mee; you may call your eie downe to your finger, and remember and speake of me: She will heare thee better then those allyed by birth to her; as we see many men much swaied by the groomes of their chambers, not that they haue a greater part of their loue or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abi. A my credit I sweare, I thinke twas made for mee: Feare no other sutors.

El.Lo. I shall not neede to teach you how to discredit their beginnings. you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids sweare they found plasters in their beds.

Abi. I know, I know, and doe not you feare the sutors.

El.Lo. Farewell, be mindefull and be happy: the night cals mee.

Exeunt omnes prater Yongloue.

Abi. The Gods of the winds befriend you Sir: a constant and a liberall louer thou art; more such God send vs.

Enter Welforde.

Wel. Let vm not stand still, we haue rid hard.

Abi. A sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be seen.

Wel. A pretty Hall this, No seruant in't? I would looke freshly.

Abi. You haue deliuered your arrand to mee then: ther's no danger in a hanſome young fellowe: Ile ſhew my ſelfe.

Wel. Lady may it pleaſe you to beſtowe vpon a ſtranger the ordinary grace of ſalutation: Are you the Ladie of this houſe?

Abi. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a ſeruant of hers.

Wel. Lady I ſhould be as proud to be a ſeruant of yours, did not my ſo late acquaintance make me diſpaire.

Abi. Sir it is not ſo hard to atcheiue, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For theſe comfortable words I remaine your glad debtor. Is your Ladie at home?

Abi. She is no ſtragler Sir.

Wel. May her occaſions admit me to ſpeake with her?

Abi. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable vertue will be moued to perſwade her, that a Gentleman benighted and ſtraied offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abi. I will commend this meſſage to her: but if you aime at her bodie, you will be deluded: other weomen the houſholds of good carriage and gouernment; vpon any of which if you can caſt your affection, they will perhaps bee found as faithfull, and not ſo coy. *Exit Tongleue.*

Wel. What a skin full of luſt is this? I thought I had come a woeing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court faſhion: Men, weomen, and all woe; catch that catch may. If this ſoft hearted woman haue infuſde any of her tenderneſſe into her Lady, there is hope ſhe will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sr. Roger the Curate.

Ro. God ſaue you Sir, My Lady lets you know ſhee deſires to be acquainted with your name before ſhe conferre with you.

Wel. Sir my name cals me *Welford.*

Ro. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name. I'le trie his wit.

Wel. I will vphold it as good as any of my Anceſtors had this two hundred yeares Sir.

Ro.

Ro. I knew a worſhipfull and a religious gentleman of your name in the Biſhopricke of *Durham.* Call you him Coſen?

Wel. I am onely allyed to his vertues Sir.

Ro. It is modeſtly ſaid: I ſhould carry the badge of your Chriſtianity with me to.

Wel. VVhats that, a Croſſe? there's a teſter.

Ro I meane the name which your Godfathers & Godmothers gaue you at the Font.

Wel. Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceede orderly now in your Catechiſme: for you haue told mee who gaue mee that name. Shal I beg your names.

Ro. Roger.

Wel. VVhat roome fill you in this houſe?

Ro More roomes then one.

Wel. The more the merrier. But may my boldneſſe know, why your Lady hath ſent you to diſcipher my name?

Ro. Her owne words were theſe; To know whether you were a formerly denied ſutor, diſguiſed in this meſſage: For I can aſſure you ſhee delights not in *Thalame*: *Himen* and ſhe are at variance, I ſhall returne with much haſt.

Exit Roger.

Wel. And much ſpeede Sir I hope: certainely I am ariued amongſt a Nation of new found fooles: on a Land where no Nauigator has yet planted wit, If I had foreſeene it, I would haue laded my breeches with bels, kniues, copper and glaſſes to trade with the weomen for their virginities: yet I feare I ſhould haue betraied my ſelfe to an needleſſe charge then: heres the walking night-cap againe.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, my Ladies pleaſure is to ſee you: who hath commanded mee to acknowledge her ſorow, that you muſt take the paines to come vp for ſo bad entertainement.

Wel. I ſhall obey your Lady that ſent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Maſter.

Ro. Iam but a Bachiler of Art Sir; and I haue the mending of all vnder this roofe, from my Lady on her downe bed, to the maide in the peaſe-ſtrawe.

Wel. A Cobler Sir?

Ro. No Sir. I inculcate Diuine ſeruice within theſe walles,

Wel. But the inhabitants of this houſe doe often imploy you on errands, without any ſcruple of conſcience.

Ro. Yes, I doe take the aire many mornings on foote, three or foure miles for egges: but why moue you that?

Wel. To knowe whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horſe a little, to attend on mee.

Ro Moſt properly Sir.

Wel. I pray ye doe ſo then: and whilſt I will attend your Lady. You direct all this houſe in the true way?

Ro. I doe Sir.

Wel. And this dore (I hope) conducts to your Lady?

Ro. Your vnderſtanding is ingentous. *Ex ſeuerally.*

Ent. Yong Loueleſſe & Sanill with a writing.

Sa. By your fauour Sir you ſhall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I ſhall beate your fauour Sir, croſſe me no more; I ſay they ſhall come in.

Sa. Sir you forget one, who I am.

Yo. Lo. Sir I doe not; thou art my brothers Steward, his caſt off mill-money, his Kitchen Arethmatick.

Sa. Sir I hope you will not make ſo little of me.

Yo. Lo. I make thee not ſo little as thou art: for indeed there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire *Imprimis*, and then a reaſonable *Item* infuſ'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you ſtirre my duty, and I muſt tell you.

Yo Lo. What wouldſt thou tell me, how Hoppes goe, or hold ſome rotten diſcourſe of ſheepe, or when our Lady day fals? Prethee farewell, and entertaine my friends, bee drunke, and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare ſparke of veluet thou and I

Sa. Good Sir remember.

Yo.Lo. I doe remember thee a fooliſh fellowe, one that did put his truſt in Almanacks, and horſe-faiers, and roſe by hony and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay then I muſt vnfold your Brothers pleaſure, theſe be the leſſons Sir, he left behinde him.

Yo.Lo. Prethee expound the firſt.

Sa. I leaue to keep my houſe 300 pounds a yeare; and my Brother to diſpoſe of it.

Yo.Lo. Marke that my wicked Steward, and I diſpoſe of it.

Sa. Whilſt hee beares himſelfe like a Gentleman, and my credit fals not in him. Marke that my good young Sir, marke that.

Yong.Lo Nay if it be no more I ſhall fulfill it: whilſt my legs will carry mee ile beare my ſelfe gentleman-like, but when I am drunke, let them beare mee that can. Forward deare ſteward.

Sa. Next it is my will, that hee bee furniſht (as my brother) with attendance, apparrell, and the obedience of my people.

Yo.Lo. Steward this is as plaine as your olde minikin breeches. Your wiſdome will relent now, will it not? Be mollifie d or ——— you vnderſtand mee Sir, proceed.

Sa. Next, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my brothers wildneſſe with his care.

Yo.Lo. Ile heare no more this *Apocripha*, binde it by it ſelfe ſteward.

Sa. This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of ſuch company as you would draw vnto you. Captaines of Gallifoiſts, ſuch as in a cleare day haue ſeene *Callis*, fellows that haue no more of God, then their oaths comes to: they weare ſwords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon: then the remnant of your regiment are wealthy Tobacco merchants, that ſet vp with one ownce, and breake for three; together with a forlorne hope of Poets, and all theſe looke like Carthuſians, things without linnen: Are theſe fit company for my Maſters Brother?

Yong.Lo. I will either conuert thee (O thou Pagan ſteward)

ard) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, who's there? call in the Genr.

Sa. Good Sir.

Yo.Lo. Nay you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sa. Are you my masters Brother?

Yo.Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an olde *Ephimerides?*

Enter his Comrades. Captaine, Traueller.

Sa. Then God helpe all, I say.

Yo.Lo. I, and tis well said my olde peere of France: welcome gentlemen, welcome gentlemen; mine owne deere lads, y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry*-groate,

Cap. Sir I will take your loue.

Sa. Sir you will take my purse.

Cap. And studie to continue it.

Sa. I doe beleeue you.

Tra. Your honourable friend and masters brother, hath giuen you to vs for a worthy fellow, and so wee hugge you Sir.

Sa. Has giuen himselfe into the hands of varlets, not to be caru'd out. Sir are these the peeces?

Yo.Lo. They are the Morrals of the age, the vertues. Men made of Gold.

Sa. Of your gold you meane Sir.

Yong.Lo. This is a man of warre, that cries goe on, and weares his Colours.

Sa. In's nose.

Yo.Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Traueller Sir, knows men and manners, and has plowd vp the Sea so far, till both the poles haue knockt, has seene the Sunne take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kindes, and had a *Flanders* Mare leapt there.

Sa. Tis much.

Tra. I haue seene more Sir.

Sa. Tis euen enough a conscience; sit downe, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. VVould you had as good a liuing Sir as this Fellowe could

lie

lie you out of: has a notable guift in't.

Yo.Lo. This ministers the Smoke, and this the Muses.

Sa. And you the clothes, and meate, and money, you haue a goodly generation of vm, praye let vm multiply, your Brothers house is big enough, and to say truth, ha's too much Land, hang it durt.

Yo.Lo. Why now thou art a louing stinkeard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent bookes; thou hast a weake braine *Sauill*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt runne mad. Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a yeere; wee will bee freely merry, shall we not?

Captaine. Merry as mirth, and wine my louely *Loueless*.

Poet. A serious looke shall be a Iury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Tra. We will haue nobody talke wisely neither.

Yo.Lo. What thinke you gentlemen by all this Reuenew in drinke?

Cap. I am all for drinke.

Tra. I am drie till it be so.

Po. He that will not crie Amen to this, let him liue sober, seeme wise, and die ath *Corum*.

Yo. Lo. It shall bee so, wee'l haue it all in drinke, let meate and lodging goe, th'are transitory, and shew men meerely mortall: then wee'l haue wenches, euery one his wench, and euery weeke a fresh one: weele keepe no powderd flesh: all these wee haue by warrant vnder the Title of things necessarie. Heere vpon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all necessaries: Your opinions Gentlemen?

Cap. Tis plaine and euident that he meant wenches.

Sa. Good Sir let me expound it.

Cap. Heere be as sound men as your selfe Sir.

Poet. This doe I holde to bee the interpretation of it; In this word Necessarie, is concluded all that bee helpes to man: woman was made the first, and therefore heere the chiefest.

Yo.Lo. Beleeue me tis a learned one, and by these words; The obedience of my people, (you steward being one) are bound to fetch vs wenches.

Cap. He is, he is.

Yo.Lo. Steward attend vs for instructions.

Sa. But will you keepe no house Sir?

Yo.Lo. Nothing but drinke, three hundred pounds in drinke.

Sa. O miserable house, and miserable I that liue to see it. Good Sir keep some meate.

Yo.Lo. Get vs good whoores, and for your part, Ile bourd you in an Alehouse, you shall haue cheese and onyons.

Sa. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking? VVell prodigall, your brother will come home. *Ex.*

Yo.Lo. Come lads Ile warrant you for wenches, three hundred pounds in drinke. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus 2. Scæna prima.

Enter Lady, her sister Martha, Welford, Yongloue, and others.

La. Sir now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good night.

Wel. Lady if there be any want, tis in want of you.

La. A little sleepe will ease that complement. Once more good night.

Wel. Once more deare Lady, and then all sweet nights.

La. Deare Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow proue better to me, shall I hope my sute happier by this nights rest.

La. Is your sute so sickly that rest will helpe it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir as a stranger you haue had all my welcome: but had I knowne your errand ere you came, your passage had been straighter: Sir, good night.

Wel. So faire, and cruell, deare vnkinde good-night. *Exit Lady.*

Nay Sir you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeale so far.

Ro. O Lord Sir,

Wel.

Wel. Doe you loue *Tobacco*?

Ro. Surely I loue it, but it loues not me; yet with your reuerence ile be bold.

Wel. Praye light it Sir. How doe you like it.

Ro. I promiſe you it is notable ſtinging geare indeede. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings downe Reume?

Wel. Handle it againe Sir; you haue a warme text of it.

Ro. Thanks euer premiſed for it. I promiſe you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, ſpirituall: for certainely it moues in ſundrie places.

Wel. I, it does ſo Sir, and me eſpecially to aske Sir, why you weare a night-cap.

Ro. Aſſuredly I will ſpeake the truth vnto you; you ſhall vnderſtand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; euen by that viſible beaſt the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? certainely hee had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of your graue Caſſock? The offence Sir?

Ro. Reprouing him at Tra-trip Sir, for ſwearing: you haue the totall ſurely.

Wel. You tould him when his rage was ſet atilt, and ſo hee craſt your Cannons. I hope hee has not hurt your gentle reading: But ſhall wee ſee theſe Gentlewomen to night?

Ro. Haue patience Sir; vntill our fellowe *Nicholas* bee deceaſt, that is, aſleepe: for ſo the word is taken; to ſleepe to die, to die to ſleepe: a very Figure Sir.

Wel. Cannot you caſt another for the Gentlewomen?

Ro. Not till the man bee in his bed, his graue; his graue, his bed; the very ſame againe Sir. Our Comick Poet giues the reaſon ſweetly; *Plenus rimarum eſt*, he is full of loope-holes, and will diſcouer to our Patroneſſe.

Wel. Your comment Sir has made me vnderſtand you.

Enter Maria the Ladies ſiſter, and Yongloue to them with a poſſet.

Ro. Sir be addreſt, the graces doe ſalute you with the full bowle of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abi. He's faſt?

Ro. And does he ſnore out ſupinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this curtesie shall binde a stranger to you, euer your seruant.

Mar. Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not vs forget you are a stranger and a Gentleman.

Abi. In sooth Sir were I chang'd into into my Lady, a Gentleman so well indued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this fowle familiar chewes the Cudde: From thee and three and fiftie, good loue deliuer me.

Mar. Will you sit downe Sir, and take a spoone?

Wel. I take it kindely Lady.

Mar. It is our best banquet Sir.

Ro. Shall we giue thankes?

Wel. I haue to the Gentlewoman already Sir.

Mar. Good Sir *Roger* keepe that breath to coole your part o'th posset, you may chance haue a scalding zeale else: and you will needes bee doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe. Would you could like this Sir?

Wel. I would your Sister would like mee as wel Lady.

Mar. Sure Sir she would not eate you: but banish that imagination; she's onely wedded to herselfe, lies with herselfe, and loues herselfe; and for an other husband then herselfe, he may knock at the gate, but nere come in: bee wise Sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot loue you.

Abi. God pardon her, she'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least griefe Mistres *Martha*.

Wel. Now I must ouer-heare her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all withal my heart: I doe not thinke they would make thee a day older.

Abi. Sir will you put in deeper, tis the sweeter.

Mar. VVel said old sayings.

Wel. She lookes like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keepe your word, your sweete selfe has made the bottom sweeter.

Abi. Sir I begin a frolick, dare you change Sir?

Wel. My selfe for you, so please you. That smile has turnd my stomacke; This is right the old Embleame of the

Maile

Moyle cropping off thistles: Lord what a hunting head shee carries, sure she has been ridden with a Martingale. Now loue deliuer me.

Ro. Doe I dreame, or doe I wake? surely I know not: am I rub'd off? is this the way of all my mornings prayers? Oh *Roger*, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and wooed her in *Heroycall Epistles?* Did I expound the Owle, and vndertooke, with labour and expence the recollection of those thousand Peeces, consum'd in Cellors and Tobacco shops of that our honour'd Englishman *Ni. Br.?* Haue I done this, and am I done thus too? I will end with the Wise-man, and say, He that holds a woman, has an Eele by the tayle.

Ma. Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is growne so cold, that 'twere an vnmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the house has be at your command Sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you Lady; and to you what you desire too: *Exeunt.*

Abi. It should be some such good thing like your self then.

Wel. Heauen keepe mee from that curse, and all my Issue. Good night Antiquitie.

Ro. Solamen Miseris socios habuisse doloris: but I alone.

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me? and requesting a greater measure of your learniug, good night, good Mr *Roger.*

Ro. Good Sir, peace be with you. *Exit Ro.*

Wel. Adue deare *Domine.* Halfe a dozen such in a Kingdome would make a man forsweare confession: for who that had but halfe his wits about him would commit the counsell of a serious sin to such a cruell nightcap?
Why how now, shall we haue an Antique? *Enter seruant.* Whose head do you carry vpon your shoulders, that you jole it so against the post? Is't for your ease? or haue you seene the Sellor? VVhere are my slippers sir?

Ser. Here Sir,

Wel. VVhere Sir? haue you got the pot verdugo? haue you seene the horses Sir?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Wel. Haue they any meate?

Ser. Faith Sir they haue a kinde of wholsome rushes, hay I cannot cal it.

Wel. And no prouender?

Ser. Sir so I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith Sir, heere are no oates to be got, vnlesse youle haue vm in porredge: the people are so mainely giuen to spoonemeate: yonders a cast of Coach-mares of the gentlewomans, the strangest Cattell.

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why they are transparant sir, you may see through them: and such a house?

Wel. Come Sir, the truth of your discouery.

Ser. Sir they are in tribes like Iewes: the Kitchen and the Dayrie make one tribe, and haue their faction and their fornication within themselues; the Buttry and the Laundry are another, and ther's no loue lost; the chambers are intire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge; but this I am sure, betweene these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drinke Sir.

Wel. What of that Sir?

Ser. Faith Sir I will handle it as the time and your patience will giue me leaue. This drinke, or this cooling Iulip, of which three spoonefuls kils the Calenture, a pinte breeds the cold Palsie.

Wel. Sir you bely the house.

Ser. I would I did Sir. But as I am a true man, if twere but one degree colder, nothing but an asses hoofe would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir: for if it had proued stronger, you had been tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle Sir, Ile heare no more. *Exeunt.*

Enter Yong Loueless and his Comrades, with wenches, and two Fydlers.

Yo. Lo. Come my braue man of war, trace out thy darling,
And you my learned Councell, set and turne boyes
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaues.
My moderne Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets. *Ent. with wine.*
Strike vp you merry varlets, and leaue your peeping,

This is no pay for Fidlers.

Cap. O my deare boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captaine
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.
Loue thy braue man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let ther be deductedd out of our maine
Fiue Marks in hatchments to adorne this thigh, (potation
Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battels.

Yo.Lo. Thou shalt hau't boy, and fly in Fether,
Leade on a march you Michers. *Ent. Sauill.*

Sa. O my head, O my heart, what a noise and change is heere; would I had been cold ith mouth before this day, and nere haue liud to see this dissolution. Hee that liues within a mile of this place, had as good sleepe in the perpetuall noise of an iron mill. Ther's a dead Sea of drinke ith Sellor, in which goodly vessels lie wract, and in the middle of this deluge appeares the tops of flagons and blacke iacks, like Churches drown ith marshes.

Yo.Lo. What art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias* welcome to *Troy*. Come thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court her in a dance.

Sa. Good Sir consider.

Yo.Lo. Shall we consider gentlemen. How say you?

Cap. Consider? that were a simple toy i faith, Consider? whose morrals that? The man that cries Consider, is our foe; let my steele know him.

Yong.Lo. Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet: prethee be calme my *Hector*.

Cap. Peasant, slaue, thou groome, composde of grudgeings, liue and thanke this Gentleman, thou hadst seene *Pluto* else. The next consider kils thee.

Tra. Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon of Sacke.

Po. Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe it kneeling in repentance.

Sa. Nay rather kill me, theres but a lay-man loft. Good Captaine doe your office.

Yo.Lo. Thou shalt drinke Steward, drinke and dance my Steward. Strike him a horne-pipe sqeakers, take thy striuer,

and pace her till shee stew.

Sa. Sure Sir I cannot daunce with your Gentlewoman, they are too light for mee, 'pray breake my head, and let me goe.

Cap. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Young Lo. Hee shall daunce, and drinke, and bee drunke and dance, and bee drunke againe, and shall see no meate in a yeere.

Po. And three quarters.

Yo.Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? let him in.

Enter Eld. Loueleſſe disguised.

Sa. Some to deliuer me I hope.

El.Lo. Gentlemen, God saue you all, my businesse is to one Mr *Loueleſſe.*

Cap. This is the Gentleman you meane; view him, and take his Inuentory, hee's a right one.

El.Lo. He promises no lesse Sir.

Yo.Lo. Sir your businesse?

El.Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworne too't, would some other tongue would speake it for mee.

Yo.Lo. Out with it a Gods name.

El.Lo. All I desire Sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good Sir be not moou'd more,

Yo.Lo. Then a pottle of Sacke will doe, heere's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

El.Lo. Good Sir excuse mee, and whatsoeuer you heare, thinke, must haue beene knowne vnto you, and bee your selfe discreete, and beare it nobly.

Yong.Lo. Prethee dispatch me.

El.Lo. Your brothers dead Sir.

Yo.Lo. Thou dost not meane dead drunke?

El.Lo. No, no, dead and drown'd at sea Sir.

Yo.Lo. Art sure hee's dead?

El.Lo. Too sure Sir.

Yo. Lo I, but art thou very certainely sure of it?

El.Lo. As sure Sir as I tell it.

Yo.Lo. But art thou sure he came not vp againe?

El.Lo. He

El.Lo. He may come vp, but nere to call you brother.

Yo.Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drowne him?

Eld.Lo Sure Sir he wanted none.

Young Lo. I would not haue him want, I lou'd him better; heere I forgiue thee: and i'faith bee plaine, how doe I beare it?

El. Lo. Very wisely Sir.

Yo.Lo Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me moou'd, these transitory toyes nere trouble me, hee's in a better place my friend, I know't. Some fellowes would haue cryed now, and haue curst thee, and saine out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for vs, and let God keepe him: there's the right vse on't friend. Off with thy drinke, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry: fill him another. *Sauill*, your Masters dead, and who am I now *Sauill*? Nay, let's all beare it well, wipe, *Sauill*, wipe, teares are but throwne away: we shall haue wenches now, shal we not *Sauill*? Drinke to my friend Captaine.

Sa. Yes Sir.

Yo.Lo. And drinke inumerable.

Sa. Yes forsooth Sir.

Yo.Lo. And you'le straine curtsie and be drunke a little.

Sa. I would be glad, Sir, to doe my weake indeauour.

Yo.Lo. You may be brought in time to loue a wench too.

Sa. In time the sturdie Oake Sir.

Yo.Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El.Lo. I shall be drunke anon for my good newes: but I haue a louing brother, that's my comfort.

Yo.Lo. Heere's to you sir, this is the worst I wish you for your newes: and if I had another elder brother, and say it were his chance to feede more fishes, I should bee still the same you see me now, a poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry againe.

El.Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well, my deare brother, if I scape this drowning, 'tis your turne next to sinke, you shall ducke twice before I helpe you. Sir I cannot drinke more, 'pray let me haue your pardon.

Yo.Lo. O Lord sir, 'tis your modestie: more wine, giue him a bigger glasse; hugge him my Captaine, thou shalt

bee my cheefe mourner.

Cap. And this my pennon, Sir a ful rouſe to you, and to my Lo. of Land heere.

El.Lou. I feele a buzzing in my braines, pray God they beare this out, and Ile nere trouble them ſo far againe. Heers to you Sir.

Yo.Lo. To my deare Steward, downe a your knees you infidel, you Pagan; be drunke and penitent.

Sa. Forgiue me Sir and ile be any thing.

Yo.Lo. Then be a Baude: Ile haue thee a braue Baud.

El.Lo. Sir I muſt take my leaue of you, my buſines is ſo vrgent.

Yo.Lo. Lets haue a bridling caſt before you goe. Fils a new ſtoupe.

El.Lo. I dare not Sir by no meanes.

Yo.Lo. Haue you any minde to a wench? I would faine gratifie you for the paines you tooke Sir.

El.Lo. As little as to the tother.

Yo.Lo. If you finde any ſtirring, doe but ſay ſo.

Eld.Lo. Sir you are too bounteous, when I finde that itching, you ſhall aſſwage it Sir before another: this onely, and farewell Sir. Your brother when the ſtorm was moſt extream, told all about him, he left a will, which lies cloſe behinde a chimney in the matted chamber: and ſo as well Sir, as you haue made me able, I take my leaue.

Yong.Lo. Let vs imbrace him all: if you grow drie before you end your buſineſſe, praye take a baite heere, I haue a freſh hogſhead for you.

Sa. You ſhall neither will nor chooſe ſir. My Maſter is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine ſtate, a very fine ſtate Sir, I am his ſteward Sir, and his man.

El.Lo. VVould you were your owne Sir, as I left you. VVell I muſt caſt about, or all ſinks.

Sa. Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman. Gentleman.

El.Lo. VVhat would you with me Sir?

Sa. Farewell Gentleman.

El.Lo. O ſleepe Sir, ſleepe. *Ex.El.Lo.*

Yo.Lo. Well boies, you ſee whats ſalne, lets in and drinke, and giue thankes for it.

Cap.

Cap. Let's giue thanks for't.

Yo Lo. Drunke as I liue.

Sa. Drunke as I liue boyes.

Young Lo. Why now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast vp a reckoning of some waight; I will bee knighted, for my state wil beare it, 'tis sixteene hundred boies: off with your husks, Ile skin you all in sattin.

Cap. O sweet *Loueleſſe!*

Sa. All in sattin? O sweet *Loueleſſe.*

Yo. Lo. March in my Noble Compeeres: and this my Counteſſe shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the will.

Exeunt.

Enter Moorecraft the vsurer, and Widdow.

Mo. And Widdow, as I say be your owne friend: your husband left you wealthy, I and wiſe, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heede of young smooth varlets, younger brothers, they are wormes that will eate through your bags: they are very lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and neuer singe your purse strings: they are colts, wench, colts, headdy and dangerous, till we take vm vp, and make vm fit for bonds; looke vpon mee, I haue had, and haue yet matter of moment gyrle, matter of moment; you may meete with a worse backe, Ile not commend it.

Wi. Nor I neither Sir.

Mo. Yet thus farre by your fauour vviddow, 'tis tuffe.

Wi. And therefore not for my dyet, for I loue a tender one.

Mo. Sweet widdow leaue your frumps, and bee edified: you know my state, I sell no Perspectiues, Scarfes, Gloues, nor Hangers, nor put my truſt in Shoo-ties: and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meale and powdered sugar, saunders and graines, wormeseed and rotten reasons, and such vile tobacco, that made the foot-men mangie; I in a yeere haue put vp hundreds incloſ'd, my widdow, those pleasant meadowes, by a forfeit morgage: for which the poore Knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his Ale, and dare nor beat his Hosteſſe: nay more ——

Wi. Good Sir no more, what ere my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry mee, you muſt beare it brauely off Sir.

Mo. Nor

Mo. Not with the head, ſweet widdow.

Wi. No, ſweet ſir, but with your ſhoulders: I muſt haue you dubd, for vnder that I will ſtoope a feather. My husband was a fellow lou'd to toyle, feede ill, made gaine his exerciſe, and ſo grew coſtiue, which for I was his wife, and gaue way to, and ſpun mine owne ſmocks courſe, and ſir, ſo little; but let that paſſe. Time, that vveares all things out, vvore out this husband, vvho in penitence of ſuch fruitleſſe fiue yeeres marriage, left mee great vvith his vvealth, vvhich if you'le bee a worthie goſſip to, be knighted Sir. *Enter Sauill.*

Mo. Now ſir, from whom come you? whoſe man are you Sir?

Sa. Sir, I come from young Mr *Loueleſſe.*

Mo. Be ſilent ſir, I haue no money, not a penny for you, hee's ſunke, your Maſter's ſunke, a periſht man ſir.

Sa. Indeede his brother's ſunke Sir, God be with him, a periſht man indeede, and drown'd at Sea.

Mo. How ſaidſt thou, good my friend, his brother drown'd?

Sa. Vntimely, Sir, at ſea.

Mo. And thy young Maſter left ſole heire?

Sa. Yes, Sir.

Mo. And he wants money?

Sa. Yes, and ſent me to you; for he is now to be knighted.

Mo. Widdow, be vviſe, there's more land comming, widdow be very wiſe, and giue thanks for me vviddow.

Wi. Be you very wiſe, and bee knighted, and then giue thanks for me Sir.

Sa. VVhat ſayes your Worſhip to this money?

Mo. I ſay, he may haue money if he pleaſe.

Sa. A thouſand Sir?

Mo. A thouſand Sir, prouided any wiſe Sir, his land lye for the payment, otherwiſe ——

Enter Young Loueleſſe and Comrades to them.

Sa. Hee's here himſelfe Sir, and can better tell you.

Mo. My notable deare friend, and worthy Mr *Loueleſſe*, and now right worſhipfull, all ioy and welcome.

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my deare incloſer, Mr *Moorecraft*; prethee olde Angell gold, ſalute my family, Ile doe as much for yours; this, and your owne deſires, faire Gentlewoman.

Wi. And

Wi. And yours Sir, if you meane well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrha, my brothers dead.

Mo. Dead?

Young Lo. Dead, and by this time souc't for Ember weeke.

Mo. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at sea: Man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall heare more.

Mo. Now by the faith of my body it mooues me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wil't thou be an Asse, and weepe for the dead? why I thought nothing but a generall inundation would haue mou'd thee: prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

Mo. O, ha's he so?

Yo. Lo. Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I haue all boy, hast any ready money?

Mo. Will you sell Sir?

Yo. Lo. No not outright good Gripe; marry, a morgage, or such a slight securitie.

Mo. I haue no money Sir for morgage; If you will sell, and all or none, Ile worke a new Mine for you.

Sa. Good Sir looke afore you, hee'le worke you out of all else: if you sell all your Land, you haue sold your Countrey, and then you must to sea to seeke your brother, and there lye pickled in a poudering tub, and breake your teeth with biskets and hard beefe that must haue watering Sir: and where's your 300. pounds a yeere in drinke then? If you'le tun vp the straights you may, for you haue no calling for drinke there, but with a Cannon, nor no scoring but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a fagot boat, and a bottle of *Vsquebaugh*, come home poore men, like a type of Theames Street stinking of pitch and poore Iohn. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loth to see it.

Cap. Steward, you are an Asse, a measel'd mungrell, and were it not againe the peace of my soueraigne friend heere, I would breake your forecasting coxcombe, dogge I would, euen with thy staffe of office there, thy pen and Inkhorne. Noble boy, the god of gold here has sed thee well, take mony for thy durt: hark & beleeue, thou art cold of constitution, thy seat vnhealthful, sell & be wise; we are three that will adorne thee,

and liue accordrng to thine owne heart childe: mirth shall be onely ours, and onely ours shal be the blacke eyde beauties of the time. Money makes men eternall.

Po. Doe what you will, 'tis the nobleſt courſe, then you may liue without the charge of people, onely wee foure will make a family, I and an age that ſhall beget new *Annals*, in which Ile write thy life my ſonne of pleaſure, equall with *Nero* or *Caligula*.

Yo.Lo. What meane they Captaine?

Cap. Two roring boyes of *Rome* that made all ſplit.

Yo.Lo. Come Sir, what dare you giue?

Sa. You will not ſell Sir?

Yo.Lo. VVho told you ſo Sir?

Sa. Good Sir haue a care.

Yo.Lo. Peace, or Ile tacke your tongue vp to your roofe. What money? ſpeake.

Mo. Sixe thouſand pound Sir.

Cap. Take it, h'as ouerbidden by the Sunne: binde him to his bargaine quickly.

Yo.Lo. Come, ſtrike mee lucke with earneſt, and draw the writings.

Mo. There's a Gods-penny for thee.

Sa. Sir, for my old Maſters ſake let my Farme be excepted, if I become his tenant I am vndone, my children beggers, and my wife God knowes what: conſider me deare Sir.

Mo. Ile haue all in or none.

Yo.Lo. All in, all in: diſpatch the writings. *Ex. with Comr.*

Wi. Goe, thou art a pretty forehanded fellow, would thou were wiſer.

Sa. Now doe I ſenſibly begin to feele my ſelfe a raſcall: would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am vtterly vndone; now he that taught thee to deceiue and couſen, take thee to his mercy: ſo be it. *Exit Sauill.*

Mo. Come widdow, come, neuer ſtand vpon a knighthood, 'tis a meere paper honour, and not proofe enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, Ile make thee ———

Wi. To anſwere in ſhort, 'tis this Sir, No knight, no widow: if you make mee any thing, it muſt be a Lady; and ſo I take my leaue.

Mo. Fare-

Mo. Farewell sweet widdow, and thinke of it. *Exit Wid.*

Wi. Sir I do more then thinke of it, it makes me dreame sir.

Mo. Shee's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I bee at charge to pay the Footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsmen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoyst into the Subsidy, and so by consequence should proue a Coxcombe: Ile haue a care of that. Sixe thousand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet. *Exit.* *Finis Actus secundi.*

Actus 3. Scæna prima.

Enter Abigall.

Abi. IF he but follow mee, as all my hopes tels me hee's man enough, vp goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him. *Enter Welford.*

Wel. This is the strangest pamperd peece of flesh towards fiftie, that euer frailty cop't withall, what a trim *Lenuoy* heere she has put vpon me: these woemen are a proud kinde of cattell, and loue this whorson doing so directly, that they wil not sticke to make their very skinnes Bawdes to their flesh. Here's dogskin and storax sufficient to kill a Hauke: what to do with it, beside nayling it vp amongst *Irish* heads of Teere, to shew the mightines of her palme, I know not: there she is, I must enter into Dialogue. Lady you haue lost your gloue.

Abi. Not Sir if you haue found it.

Wel. It was my meaning Lady to restore it.

Abi. 'Twill be vnciuell in me to take backe a fauour, Fortune hath so well bestowed Sir, 'pray weare it for me.

Wel. I had rather weare a Bell. But harke you Mistrisse, What hidden vertue is there in this gloue, that you would haue me weare it? Is't good aganst sore eyes, or wil it charme the toothake? Or these red tops, beeing steept in white wine soluble, wil't kill the itch? or h'as it so conceald a prouidence to keepe my hand from bonds? If it haue none of these, and prooue no more but a bare gloue of halfe a crowne a payre, twill bee but halfe a courtesie, I weare two alwaies: faith let's draw cuts, one will doe me no pleasure.

Abi. The tendernesse of his yeeres keepes him as yet in ig-

norance, hee's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his bloud should stirre no higher; but tis his want of company : I must grow neerer to him. *Enter El. Loueleſſe diſguiſed.*

El.Lo. God saue you both.

Abi. And pardon you Sir : this is somewhat rude, how came you hither?

El.Lo. Why through the dores, they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what buſineſſe haue you here?

El Lo. More I beleeue then you haue.

Abi. Who would this fellow speake with? Art thou sober?

Eld. Lo Yes, I come not here to sleepe.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

El.Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art, I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El.Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'ſt be, a Souldier.

Abi. Thou doſt not come to quarrell?

El.Lo. No, not with weomen; I come to speake here with a (Gentlewoman.

Abi. VVhy I am one.

El.Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El.Lo. Sir I am not fine yet, I am but new come ouer, direct mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall bee fine Sir. Lady, if there be a better of your sex within this houſe, say I would see her.

Abi. VVhy am not I good enough for you Sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'le be too good, 'pray end my buſines. This is another Suter: O frayle woman.

Wel. This fellow with his bluntnes hopes to doe more then the long suites of a thousand could: though he be sowre hee's quicke, I muſt not truſt him. Sir, this Lady is not to speake with you, she is more serious: you smell as if you were new ralkt; goe and be handsome, and then you may fit with her Seruingmen.

El.Lo VVhat are you Sir?

Wel. Gueſſe by my outside.

El.Lo. Then I take you Sir for some new silken thing weand from the countrey, that shall (when you come to keepe good company) be beaten into better manners. 'Pray good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Miſtres.

Abi. How

Abi. How many liues haſt thou, that thon talk'ſt thus rudely?

El.Lo. But one, I am neither cat nor woman.

Wel. And will that one life Sir maintaine you euer in ſuch bold ſawcineſſe?

El.Lo. Yes amongſt a nation of ſuch men as you are, and be no worſe for wearing Shall I ſpeake with this Lady?

Abi. No by my troth ſhall not you.

El.Lo. I muſt ſtay here then.

Wel. That you ſhall not neyther.

El.Lo. Good fine thing tell me why.

Wel. Good angry thing Ile tell you:
This is no place for ſuch companions,
Such louſie Gentlemen ſhall finde their buſineſſe
Better i'th the Suburbs; there your ſtrong pitch perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, ſhall reeke in faſhion:
This is no Thames ſtreet Sir.

Abi. This Gentleman informes you truly:
Prethee be ſatisfied, and ſeeke the Suburbs,
Good Captaine, or whateuer title elſe,
The warlike Eeleboats haue beſtow'd vpon thee,
Goe and reforme thy ſelfe: prethee be ſweeter,
And know my Lady ſpeakes with no ſuch ſwabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talke me out with your tradition
Of wit you picke from plaies, goe too, I haue found yee:
And for you, tender Sir, whoſe gentle bloud
Runnes in your noſe, and makes you ſnuffe at all
But three pil'd people, I doe let you know,
He that begot your worſhips ſattin ſute,
Can make no men Sir: I will ſee this Lady,
And with the reuerence of your ſilkenſhip,
In theſe old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not ſure.

El.Lo. Sure Sir I ſhall.

Abi. You would be beaten out.

El.Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would beaten,
Pray who ſhall beat me? this good Gentleman
Lookes as he were o'th peace.

Wel. Sir you ſhall ſee that: will you get you out?

El.Lo. Yes, that, that shall correct your boyes tongue,
Dare you fight? I will stay here still.
Abi. O their things are out, helpe, helpe for Gods sake,
Maddam; Iesus they foyne at one another,
Maddam, why who is within there? *Enter Lady.*
La. Who breedes this rudenes?
Wel. This vnciuill fellow:
He sayes he comes from sea, where I beleeue
H'as purg'd away his manners.
La. What of him?
Wel. Why he will rudely, without once God blesse you,
Presse to your priuacies, and no deniall
Must stand betwixt your person and his businesse;
I let goe his ill language.
La. Sir, haue you businesse with me?
El.Lou. Maddame some I haue,
But not so serious to pawne my life for't:
If you keepe this quarter, and maintaine about you
Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to defie
Men of imployment to yee, you may liue,
But in what fame?
La. Pray stay Sir, who h'as wrong'd you?
Eld.Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though vnciuilly
He flung his wilde words at me: But to you
I thinke he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withall, a passage to you,
Though I seeme course.
La. Excuse me, gentle sir, twas from my knowledge,
And shall haue no protection. And to you Sir,
You haue shewed more heat then wit, and from your selfe
Haue borrowed power, I neuer gaue you here,
To doe these wilde vnmanly things: my house
Is no blinde streete to swagger in: and my fauours
Not doting yet on your vnknowne deserts
So farre, that I should make you Master of my businesse:
My credit yet, stands fayrer with the people
Then to be tryed with swords: And they that come
To doe me seruice, must not thinke to winne me
VVith hazard of a murther: If your loue

Conſiſt in fury, carry it to the Campe,
And there in honour of ſome common miſtres,
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temperd,
And giue me leaue awhile Sir.

Wel. You muſt haue it. *Exit Welford.*

La. Now Sir, your buſineſſe?

El.Lo. Firſt I thanke you for ſchooling this young fellow,
VVhom his owne follies, vvhich is prone inough
Daily to fall into, if you but frowne,
Shall leuell him away to his repentance:
Next I ſhould rayle at you, but you are a vvoman,
And anger loſt vpon you.

La. VVhy at me Sir?
I neuer did you vvrong, for to my knowlege
This is the firſt ſight of you.

El.Lo. You haue done that,
I muſt confeſſe I haue the leaſt curſe in,
Becauſe the leaſt acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the mindes of men)
Thouſands, when they ſhall know what I deliuer,
(As all good men muſt ſhare in't) will to ſhame
Blaſt your blacke memory.

La. How is this good Sir?

El.Lo. Tis that, that if you haue a ſoule vvill choake it:
Y'aue kild a Gentleman:

La. I kild a Gentleman?

El.Lo. You and your crueltie haue kild him vvoman;
And ſuch a man (let me be angry in't)
VVhoſe leaſt vvorth vvaighed aboue all vveomens vertues
That are, I ſpare you all to come too: gueſſe him now.

La. I am ſo innocent I cannot Sir.

El.Lo. Repent you meane: you are a perfect vvoman,
And as the firſt was, made for mans vndoing.

La. Sir you haue miſt your way, I am not ſhe.

El.Lo. VVould he had miſt his vvay too, though hee had
VVandered farther then vveomen are ill ſpoken of,
So he had miſt this miſery, you Lady.

La. How doe you doe Sir?

El. Lo. VVell inough I hope,

While I can keepe my ſelfe from ſuch temptations.

La. Pray leape into this matter, whither would yee?

El.Lo. You had a Seruant that your peeuiſhnes
Inioyned to trauell.

La. Such a one I haue
Still, and ſhould be grieued 'twere otherwiſe.

El.Lo. Then haue your asking, and be grieu'd, hee's dead;
How you will anſwere for his worth I know not,
But this I am ſure, eyther he, or you, or both
Were ſtarke mad, elſe he might haue liu'd
To haue giuen a ſtronger teſtimony toth' world
Of what he might haue beene. He was a man
I knew but in his euening: ten Sunnes after,
Forc't by a tyrant ſtorme our beaten barke
Bulg'd vnder vs; in which ſad parting blow,
He cal'd vpon his Saint, but not for life,
On you vnhappy woman; and whilſt all
Sought to preſerue their ſoules, he deſperately
Imbrac't a waue, crying to all that ſee it,
If any liue, goe to my Fate, that forc't me
To this vntimely end, and make her happy:
His name was *Loueleſſe*: And I ſcap't the ſtorme.
And now you haue my buſineſſe.

La. 'Tis too much.
VVould I had beene that ſtorme, he had not periſht.
If you'le raile now I will forgiue you Sir,
Or if you'le call in more, if any more
Come from this ruine, I ſhall iuſtly ſuffer
VVhat they can ſay: I doe confeſſe my ſelfe
A guilty cauſe in this. I would ſay more,
But griefe is growne to great to be deliuered.

El.Lo. I like this well: theſe weomen are ſtrange things.
'Tis ſomewhat of the lateſt now to weepe,
You ſhould haue wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with thoſe teares at home.

La. VVould you had told me then ſo, theſe two armes had beene his Sea.

Eld.Lo. Truſt mee you mooue me much: but ſay he liued, theſe were forgotten things againe.

La. I, say you so? Sure I should know that voyce: this is knauery. Ile fit you for it: Were he liuing sir, I would perswade you to be charitable, I, and confesse we are not all so ill as your opinion holds vs. O my friend, what penance shall I pull vpon my fault, vpon my most vnworthy selfe for this?

El.Lo. Leaue to loue others, 'twas some jealousie
That turn'd him desperate.

La. Ile be with you straight: are you wrung there?

El.Lo. This works amaine vpon her.

La. I doe confesse there is a Gentleman
H'as borne me long good will: *E.Lo.* I doe not like that.

La. And vowed a thousand seruices to me; to me, regardlesse of him: But since Fate, that no power can withstand, h'as taken from me my first and best Loue, and to weepe away my youth is a meere folly: I will shew you what I determine sir: you shall know all: Call Mr. *Welford* there: That Gentleman I meane to make the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaste imbraces keepe aliue the memory of my lost louely *Loueleſſe*: hee is somewhat like him too.

El.Lo. Then you can Loue? *La.* Yes certaine sir.
Though it please you to thinke me hard and cruell,
I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

El.Lo. I haue made my selfe a fine foole. *Ent. Welford.*

Wel. Would you haue spoke with me Maddame?

La. Yes Mr. *Welford*, and I aske your pardon before this gentleman, for being froward: This kisse, and henceforth more affection.

El.Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a sudden passion, God hold it.
This fellow out of his feare sure ha's
Perswaded her, Ile giue him a new suit on't.

La. A parting kisse: and good Sir let me pray you
To waite me in the Gallerie.

Wel. I am in another world. Maddame where you please. *Ex. W.*

El.Lo. I will to Sea, an't shal go hard but Ile be drown'd indeed.

La. Now Sir you see I am no such hard creature,
But time may winne me.

El. Lo. You haue forgot your lost Loue,

La. Alas Sir, what would you haue me doe? I cannot call him backe againe with sorrow; Ile loue this man as deerely, and be-

shrow'me, Ile keepe him farre inough from sea: and twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wife woman, that my first Loue should be drown'd: and see Tis come about.

El Lo. I would she had told you your second should be hang'd to, and let that Come about: but this is very strange.

La. Faith Sir, consider all, and then I know you'le bee of my minde: if weeping would redeeme him, I would weepe still.

El. Lo. But say that I were *Loueleſſe*,
And scap't the storme, how would you answere this?

La. Why for that Gentleman I would leaue all the world.

El. Lo. This young thing too?

La. That young thing too,
Or any young thing else: why I would lose my state.

El. Lo. Why then he liues still, I am he, your *Loueleſſe*.

La. A's I knew it Sir, and for that purpose prepar'd this Pageant: get you to your taske. And leaue these Players tricks, or I shall leaue you, indeede I shall. Trauell, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then marry?

La I will not promise, take your choyse. Farewell.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a woman.
I must doe something. *Exit Loueleſſe.*

Wel. Mistres I am bold. *Enter Welford.*

La. You are indeed. *Wel.* You haue so ouerioyed me Lady.

La. Take heed you surfet not, pray fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light you loue me extremely.

La. By this, and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

La. Indeed I can, where you shall neuer finde it.

Wel. I like this mirth well Lady. *La.* You shall haue more on't.

Wel. I must kisse you. *La.* No sir. *Wel.* Indeed I must.

La. What must be, must be; Ile take my leaue, you haue your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you haue, that sent you hither, and tell them, when you trauell next, 'twere fit you brought lesse brauery with you, and more wit, you'le neuer get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

La. Yes faith. Wil you eat sir? your horses wil be ready straight, you shall haue a napkin laid in the buttery for yee.

Wel. Do not you loue me then? *La.* Yes, for that face.

Wel. Is

Wel. It is a good one Lady.

La. Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Me thinks yours is none of the best Lady.

La. No by my troth Sir: yet o'my conscience,
You could make shift with it.

Wel. Come, 'pray no more of this.

La. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring out the Gentlemans horses, hee's in haste; and set some cold meate on the table.

Wel. I haue too much of that, I thanke you Lady: take your Chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you Lady.

La. Farewell young man. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. You haue made me one. Farewell: and may the curse of a great house fall vpon thee, I meane the Butler. The Diuell and all his works are in these women: vvould all of my sexe were of my minde, I would make vm a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reuerence with them. *Enter Abigall to him.*

Abi. I am sorry Mr. *Welford.* *Wel.* So am I, that you are here.

Abi. How do's my Lady vse you?

Wel. As I would vse you, scuruily.

Abi. I should haue beene more kinde Sir.

Wel. I should haue beene vndone then. 'Pray leaue mee, and looke to your sweet meats: harke, your Lady calls.

Abi. Sir I shall borrow so much time without offending.

Wel. Y'are nothing but offence: for Gods loue leaue me.

Abi. Tis strange my Lady should be such a tyrant.

Wel. To send you to mee. 'Pray goe stitch, good doe, y'are more trouble to me then a Terme.

Abi. I doe not know how my good will, if I said loue I lyed not, should any way deserue this.

Wel. A thousand waies, a thousand waies: sweet creature let me depart in peace.

Abi. What creature Sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred I thinke by your noyse.

Abi. Since you are angry sir, I am bold to tell you, that I am a woman, and a ribbe.

Wel. Of a roasted horse. *Abi.* Conster me that.

Wel. A Dogge can doe it better. Farewell Countesse, and commend me to your Lady: tell her shee's proud, and scuruy; and

so I commit you both to your tempter. *Abi.* Sweet Mr. *Welford.*

Wel. Auoide olde Satanus: Goe daube your ruines, your face lookes fowler then a storme: the footeman staies you in the Lobby Ladie.

Abi. If you were a Gentleman I should know it by your gentle conditions? are these fit words to giue a gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for yee: Sirrah, my horses. Farewell old Adage, keepe your nose warme, the Reume will make it horne else. *Ex. Wel.*

Abi. The blessings of a prodigall young heire be thy companions *Welforde*, Marry come vp my gentleman, are your gummes growne so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly will be your fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for such a packsaddle. And I doubt not, (if my aime hold) to see her made to amable to your hand. *Ex. Abigal.*

Enter Yo. Loueleſſe and Comrades, Moorecraft, Widow, Sauil, and the reſt.

Cap. Saue thy braue shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and may thy back-sword bite them to the bone, that loue thee not: thou art an errant man, goe on. The circumcisde shall fall by thee. Let land and labour fill the man that tils, thy sword must bee thy plough, and *Ioue* it speede. *Mecha* shall sweate, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and thy deere name fill vp his monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captaine, I meane to be a worthy.

Cap. One worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mo. Captaine I shall deserue some of your loue too.

Cap. Thou shalt haue heart and hand to noble *Moorecraft*, if thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garrison, be rulde, and open to me those infernall gates, whence none of thy cuill angels passe againe, and I will stile thee Noble; nay *Don Diego*, He woe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

Mo. Pardon me Captaine, y'are beside my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No Mr. *Moorecraft*, t'is the Captaines meaning I should prepare her for yee.

Cap. Or prouoke her. Speake my moderne man, I say prouoke her.

Po. Captaine I say so too, or stir her to it. So saies the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But howsoeuer you expound it Sir, she's very welcome,

and

and this ſhall ſerue for witneſſe. And widdow, ſince y'are come ſo happily, you ſhall deliuer vp the keys, and free poſſeſſion of this houſe; whilſt I ſtand by to ratifie.

Wi. I had rather giue it back againe beleeue me,
'Tis a miſery to ſay you had it. Take heede.

Yo. Lo: 'Tis paſt that widowe, come, ſit downe; ſome wine there: there is a ſcuruy banquet if we had it. All this faire houſe is yours Sir. *Sauill.* *Sa.* Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. Are your keys ready, I muſt eaſe your burden.

Sa. I am ready Sir to be vndone, when you ſhall call me to't.

Yo. Lo. Come come, thou ſhalt liue better.

Sa. I ſhall haue leſſe to doe, thats all, ther's halfe a dozen of my friends ith fields, ſunning againſt a banke, with halfe a breech among vm, I ſhall bee with vm ſhortly. The care and continuall vexation of being rich eate vp this raſcall. What ſhall become of my poore familie? they are no ſheepe, and they muſt keepe themſelues.

Yo. Lo. Drinke M^r. *Moorecraft*, praye be merry all:
Nay and you willl not drinke ther's no ſociety.
Captaine ſpeake lowd, and drinke: widdow a word.

Cap. Expound her throughly Knight. Here God a gold, here's to thy faire poſſeſſions: Bee a Barron, and a bolde one: leaue off your tickling of young heires like trouts, and let thy chimneys ſmoke. Feede men of war, liue and bee honeſt, and be ſaued yet.

Mo. I thanke you worthy Captain for your counſell. You keep your chimneys ſmoking there, your noſtrels, and when you can, you feede a man of war: this makes not you a Barron, but a bare one: and how or when you ſhall be ſaued, let the clarke o'th company (you haue commanded) haue a iuſt care of.

Poet. The man is much is much moued. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet ſings; Let your diſpleaſure be a ſhort furie, and goe out. You haue ſpoke home, and bitterly, to me Sir? Captain take truce, the Miſer is a tart and a witty whorſon.

Cap. Poet you faine perdie, the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he muſt tell al: his tongue ſils but his mouth like a neat ſtongne, and onely ſerues to lick his hungry chaps after a purchaſe: his braines and brimſtone are the Diuels diet to a fat vſerers head. To her Knight, to her; clap her abourd and ſtow her. Wheres the braue Steward?

Sa. Heres your poore friend, and *Sanil* Sir:

Cap. Away, th'art rich in ornaments of nature. First in thy face, thou hast a serious face, a betting, bargaining, and saying face, a rich face, pawne it to the Vsurer; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Iustice.

Sa. 'Tis such, I dare not shew it shortly sir.

Cap. By blithe and bonny Steward: Master *Moorecraft*, Drinke to this man of reckoning.

Mo. Heere's e're to him.

Sa. The Diuell guide it downward: vvould there vvere in't an acre of the great broome field he bought, to sweepe your durty conscience, or to choake ye, 'tis all one to me Vsurer.

Yong Lo. Consider what I told you, you are young, vnapt for worldly busines: Is it fit one of such tendernes, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stirre and breake her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels? or a new kirtell, though it be of fatten? Eate by the hope of surfets, and lie downe onely in expectation of a morrow, that may vndoe some easie harted foole, or reach a widowes curses? Let out money, whose vse returnes the principall? and get out of these troubles, a consuming heire: For such a one must follow necessary, you shall die hated, if not old and miserable; and that possest wealth that you got with pining, liue to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more akin to you, then you to his cosenage.

Wi. Sir you speake well, would God that charity had first begunne here.

Yo. Lo. Tis yet time. Be merry, me thinkes you want wine there, ther's more i'th house: Captaine, where rests the health?

Cap. It shall goe round boy?

Yo. Lo Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much bewty, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diseases? If you can, I will not presse you further: yet looke vpon him: ther's nothing in that hide-bound Vsurer; that man of mat, that all deceai'd, but aches: for you to loue, vnlesse his perisht lungs his drie cough, or his scuruy. This is truth, and so farre I dare speak yet: he has yet past cure of Phisicke, spaw, or any diet, a primatiue pox in his bones; and a'my knowledge hee has beene tenne times rowell'd: ye may loue him; he had a bastard, his owne toward issue,

whipt

whipt, and then cropt for washing out the roses, in three farthings to make vm pence.

Wi I doe not like these Morrals.

Yo.Lo. You must not like him then. *Ent.Eld.Loueleſſe.*

Eld.Lo. By your leaue Gentlemen.

Yo.Lo. By my troth Sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord what a stranger you are growne; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you please these friends here: We are merry, you see the worst on's; your house has been kept vvarme Sir:

El.Lo. I am glad to heare it brother, pray God you are vvise too.

Yo.Lo. Pray Mr. *Moorecraft* knovv my elder brother, and Captaine doe your complement. *Sanil*, I dare svvere is glad at heart to see you: Lord, we heard Sir you were droun'd at Sea, and see how luckely things come about?

Mo. This money must be paid againe Sir?

Yo.Lo No Sir, pray keepe the sale, t'vvil make good Taylers measures? I am well I thanke you.

Wi. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his owne sauce, I shal loue him fort.

Sa I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the welcom'st man aliue; vpon my knees I bid you welcome home: here ha, beene such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing, and whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: We haue al liu'd in a continuall *Turneball streete*; Sir blest be Heauen, that sent you safe againe. Now shall I eate, and goe to bed againe.

El.Lo Brother dismisse these people.

Young L. Captaine be gone a while, meet me at my old *Randeuous* in the euening, take your small Poet with you Mr. *Moorecraft*, you were best goe prattle with your learned Counsell, I shall present your money: I was cosen'd when time was, we are quit Sir.

Wi. Better and better still! *El.Lo* What is this fellow brother?

Yo. Lo. The thirsty Vsurer that supt my Land off:

El.Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo.Lo. Sir to be Land-lord of your house and state: I was bold to make a little sale Sir.

Mo. Am I ouer-reacht? if there be law, Ile hamper yee.

El.Lo. Prethee bee gone, and rai e at home thou art so base a foole I cannot laugh at thee Sir; ha, this c mes of cousening, home and spare, eate reddish til you raise your summes againe. If you stir

farre in this, Ile haue you whipt, your eares nayl'd for intelligencing, o'th pillory, and your goods forfeit: you are a ſtale Couſener, leaue my houſe: no more.

Mo. A poxe vpon your houſe. Come VViddow, I ſhall yet hamper this young gameſter.

Wi. Good twelue i'th hundred keepe your way, I am not for your dyet: marry in your owne Tribe *Iew*, and get a Broker.

Yo.Lo. Tis well ſaid widdow: vvill you jogge on Sir?

Mo. Yes, I will goe, but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I truſt a wilde foole, and a woman,
May I lend gratis, and build Hoſpitals.

Yo Lo. Nay good ſir make all euen, here's a vviddow wants your good word for me: ſhee's rich, and may renue me & my Fortunes.

El.Lo. I am glad you looke before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poore diſtreſſed younger brother.

Wi. You doe him wrong Sir, hee's a Knight.

El. Lo. I aske your mercy: yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no inheritance I take it: whatſoeuer he is, hee's your ſeruant, or would bee Lady. Faith bee not mercileſſe, but make a man; hees young and handſome, though he be my brother, and his obſeruances may deſerue your loue: hee ſhall not fall for meanes.

Wi. Sir, you ſpeake like a worthy brother: and ſo much I doe credit your faire language, that I ſhall loue your brother: and ſo loue him, but I ſhall bluſh to ſay more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you ſhall not liue to know that houre when this ſhall be repented. Now brother I ſhould chide, but Ile giue no diſtaſte to your faire Miſtriſſe, I wil inſtruct her in't, and ſhe ſhall doo't: you haue bin wild, and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir euery day now ſpring comes on.

El.Lo. To you, good Mr. *Sauill*, and your Office, thus much I haue to ſay: Y'are from my Steward become, firſt your owne Drunkard, then his Bawde: they ſay y'are excellent growne in both, and perfect: giue me your keyes Sir *Sauill*.

Sa. Good Sir conſider who you left me too.

El.Lo. I left you as a curbe for, not to prouoke my brothers follies: Where's the beſt drinke now? come, tell me *Sauill*: where's the ſoundeſt whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dry'd Ape, ye lame ſtallion, muſt you be leading in my houſe your whores, like Fayries dance their night rounds, without feare eyther of King or Conſtable

ſtable, within my walles? Are all my Hangings ſafe? my ſheepe vnfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't. What ſay you to 300. ponnds in drinke now?

Sa. Good Sir forgiue me, and but heare me ſpeake.

El.Lo. Me thinks thou ſhouldſt be drunke ſtill, and not ſpeak, 'tis the more pardonable.

Sa. I will ſir, if you will haue it ſo.

El.Lo. I thanke ye; yes e'ne purſue it Sir: doe you heare? get a whore ſoone for your recreation: goe looke out *Captaine Brokenbreech* your fellow, and quarrell, if you dare: I ſhall deliuer theſe keyes to one ſhall haue more honeſty, though not ſo much fine wit Sir. Yee may walke and gather *Creſſes* ſir to coole your liuer; there's ſomething for you to begin a dyet, you'le haue the poxe elſe. Speed you well, Sir *Sauill*: you may eate at my houſe to preſerue life; but keepe no fornications in the ſtables.

Ex. omnes pre. Sauill.

Sa. Now muſt I hang my ſelfe, my friends will looke for't.
Eating and ſleeping, I doe deſpiſe you both now:
I will runne mad firſt, and if that get not pitty,
Ile drowne my ſelfe, to a moſt diſmall ditty. *Exit Sauill.*

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus 4. Scæna prima.

Enter Abigall ſolus.

Abi. ALaſſe poore Gentlewoman, to what a miſery hath age brought thee? to what ſcuruy Fortune? thou that haſt beene a companion for Noble men, & at the worſt of thoſe times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Scruingman, muſt begge for fauour to thoſe that would haue crawl'd like Pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apprition of me: you that bee comming on, make much of fifteene, and ſo till fiue and twenty: vſe your time with reuerence, that your profit may ariſe: it will not tarry with you *Ecce ſignum*: here was a face, but time that like a ſurfet eates our youth, plague of his Iron teeth, and draw vm for't, h'as been a little bolder here then vvelcome: and now to ſay the truth I am fit for no man. Old men i'th houſe, of fiftie, call me Granam; and vvhen they are drunke, e'ene then, when *Ione* and my Lady are all one, not one vvill doe me reaſon. My little Louite hath forſaken

me, his siluer sound of Cytterne quite abolish't, his dolefull *hymmes* vnder my chamber vvindow, digested into tedious learning: well foole, you leap't a Haddock when you left him: hee's a cleane man, & a good Edifier, & twenty nobles is his state *de Claro*, besides his pigges in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I haue beene euer stubborne, which God forgiue me for, and mend my manners: and Loue, if euer thou hadst care of fortie, of such a peece of lape ground, heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so farre forth that my faults, in this renued impression of my loue, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader. *Enter Roger.*

See how neglectingly he passes by me: vvith vvhat an Equipage Canonicall, as though he had broke the heart of *Bellarmine*, or added some thing to the singing Brethren. Tis scorne, I know it, and deserue it. Mr. *Rogor.*

Ro. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abi. Then gentle *Roger*. *Ro.* Vngentle *Abigall*.

Abi. VVhy Mr. *Reger* will you set your wit to a weak womans.

Ro. You are weake indeed: for so the Poet sings.

Abi. I doe confesse my weakenesse sweet Sir *Roger*.

Ro. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leaue your prating, you haue a season of your first Mother in yee: and surely had the diuel beene in loue, he had beene abused too: goe *Dalida*; you make men fooles, and weare figge breeches.

Abi. VVell, well, hard hearted man; dilate vpon the weake infirmities of women: these are fit texts: but once there was a time, would I had neuer seene those eies, those eies, those orient eies.

Ro. I they were pearles once with you.

Abi. Sauing your reuerence Sir, so they are still.

Ro. Nay, nay, I doe beseech you leaue your cogging, what they are, they are, they serue me without Spectacles I thanke vm.

Abi. O will you kill me?

Ro. I doe not thinke I can,
Y'are like a Coppy-hold with nine liues in't.

Abi. You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you:
For your owne VVorships sake.

Ro. I was a Christian foole then: Doe you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew quaum'd in loue, and was a dunce?

could

El.lo. Nay Ile ſweare it,
And giue ſufficient reaſon, your owne vſage.

La. Doe you not loue me now then? *El. lo.* No faith.

La. Did you euer thinke I lou'd you dearely?

El. lo. Yes, but I ſee but rotten fruits on't.

La. Doe not denie your hand, for I muſt kiſſe it, and take my laſt farewell: now let me die ſo you be happy.

El. lo: I am too fooliſh: Lady, ſpeake deere Ladie.

La. No let me die. *Shee ſwounes.*

Ma. O my ſiſter. *Abi.* O my Ladie, helpe, helpe.

Mar. Run for ſome *Roſaſolis.*

El. lo. I haue plaid the fine aſſe: bend her bodie, Lady, beſt, deareſt, worthieſt Ladie, heare your ſeruant: I am not as I ſhew'd: O wretched foole to fling away the Iewel of thy life thus. Giue her more aire, ſee ſhe begins to ſtir, ſweete Miſtres heare me.

La. Is my ſeruant well. *El. lo.* In being yours I am ſo.

La. Then I care not.

El. lo. How doe ye, reach a chaire there: I confeſſe my fault not pardonable, in purſuing thus vpon ſuch tenderneſſe my wilful errour: but had I knowne it would haue rought thus with yee, thus ſtrangely; not the world had wonne me to it, and let not (my beſt Lady) any word ſpoke to my end diſturbe your quiet peace: for ſooner ſhall you know a generall ruine, then my faith broken. Doe not doubt this Miſtres: for by my life I cannot liue without you. Come come, you ſhall not greeue, rather be angry, and heape infliction on me: I wil ſuffer. O I could curſe my ſelfe, praye ſmile vpon me. Vpon my faith it was but a tricke to trie you, knowing you lou'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely that you would neuer ſhew it, though my meanes was all humilitie.

All. Ha, ha. *El. lo.* How now?

La. I thanke you fine foole for your moſt fine plot: this was a ſubtile one, a ſtiffe deuice to haue caught Dottrels with. Good ſenceleſſe Sir, could you imagine I ſhould ſwoune for you, and know your ſelfe to be an arrant aſſe? I, a diſcouerd one. Tis quit I thanke you Sir. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heede ſir, ſhe may chance to ſwoune againe?

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abi. Step to her ſir, ſee how ſhe changes colour.

El. lo. Ile goe to her firſt, and bebetter welcome.

I am fool'd, I doe confesse it, finely fool'd,
Ladie fool'd Madam, and I thanke you for it.
La. Faith 'tis not so much worth Sir:
But if I know when you come next a burding,
Ile haue a stronger noose to hold the woodcock.
All. Ha,ha,ha.
El. lo. I am glad to see you merry, pray laugh on.
Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh at you Sir. ha, ha.
La. Praye Sister doe not laugh, youle anger him,
And then hee'l raile like a rude Costermonger,
That Schooleboies had cozned of his apples,
As loud and senceleslie.
El. lo. I will not raile.
Mar. Faith then lets heare him sister.
El. lo. Yes you shall heare me.
La. Shall we be the better for it then?
El. lo. No. He that makes a woman better by his words,
Ile haue him Sainted: blowes wil not doe it.
La. By this light hee'l beate vs.
El. lo. Yon doe deserue it richly,
And may liue to haue a Beadle doe it.
La. Now he railes.
El. lo. Come scornefull Folly,
If this be railing, you shall heare me raile.
La. Pray put it in good words then.
El. lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud peece of Cobweb lawne.
La. You bite Sir.
El. lo. I would til the bones crackt; and I had my will.
Mar. We had best muzzell him, he grows mad.
El. lo I would twere lawfull in the next great sickenesse to haue the dogs spared; those harmelesse creatures, and knocke ith head these hot continuall plagues, weomen; that are more infectious. I hope the state will thinke on't. *La.* Are you wel sir?
Mar. He lookes as though he had a greeuous fit ath Collick.
El. lo. Greeneginger wil you cure me?
Abi. Ile heate a trencher for him.
El. lo. Durty *December* doe. Thou with a face as olde as *Erra*
er, such a prognosticating nose: thou thing that ten yeares
since

since has left to be a woman, outworne the expectation of a Bawde; and thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or ninepinnes; pray goe fetch a trencher, goe:

La. Let him alone, 'is crackt:

Abi. Ile see him hang'd first; 'is a beastly fellow, to loose a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, Ide make him eate his knaues words.

Eld. L. Tye your she Otter vp, good Lady Folly, she stinkes worse then a beare-bayting.

La. Why will you be angry now?

Eld. L. Goe paint and purge, call in your kennel with you: you a Lady?

Abi. Sirra, looke too't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behauiour in the world, Ile haue thee bound to it.

Eld. L. You must not seeke it in your Ladyes house then: pray send this Ferret home, and spinne good *Abigall.* And Maddame, that your Ladyshippe may know, in what base manner you haue vs'd my seruice, I doe from this hower hate thee heartily; and though your folly should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wronges, tis not the indeauour of your life shall win me: not all the friends you haue in intercession, nor your submissiue letters, though they spoke as many teares as words; not your knees growne toth' ground in penitence, not all your state, to kisse you: nor my pardon nor will to giue you Christian buriall, if you dye thus: so farewell. When I am marryed and made sure, Ile come and visit you againe, and vexe you Lady. By all my hopes Ile be a torment to you, worse then a tedious winter. I know you will recant and sue to me, but saue that labour: Ile rather loue a Feuer and continuall thirst, rather contract my youth to drinke, and safer dote vpon quarrells, or take a drawne whore from an Hospitall, that time, diseases, and *Mercury* had eaten, then to be drawne to loue you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

Eld. L. From thee, false dice, Iades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliuer mee. *Ex. Eld. Loue.*

La. But harke you seruant, harke ye: is he gone? call him againe:

Abi. Hang him Padocke.

La. Art thou here ſtill? fly, fly, and call my ſeruant, fly or nere ſee me more.

Abi. I had rather knit againe then ſee that raſcall, but I muſt doe it. *ex. Abi.*

La. I would be loth to anger him too much: what fine foolery is this in a woman, to vſe thoſe men moſt frowardly they loue moſt? If I ſhould looſe him thus, I were rightly ſerued. I hope 'is not ſo much himſelfe to take it to'th heart: how now? will he come backe? *ent. Abi.*

Abi. Neuer he ſweares whilſt he can heare men ſay ther's any woman liuing: he ſwore hee wood ha me firſt.

La. Didſt thou intreat him wench?

Abi. As well as I could Madam. But this is ſtill your way, to loue being abſent, and when hee's with you, laugh at him and abuſe him. There is another way if you could hit on't.

La. Thou ſaiſt true, get me paper, pen, and inke, Ile write to him, I de be loth he ſhould ſleepe in's anger.
Women are moſt fooles, when they thinke th'are wiſeſt.
ex. omnes.

Muſicke. Enter young Loueleſſe and Widdow, going to be married: with them his Comrades.

VVi. Pray Sir caſt off theſe fellowes, as vnfitting for your bare knowledge, and farre more your company: iſt fit ſuch Ragamuffins as theſe are ſhould beare the name of friends? and furniſh out a ciuill houſe? y'are to be marryed now, and men that loue you muſt expect a courſe farre from your old carrire: If you will keepe vm, turne vm toth' ſtable, & there make vm groomes: and yet now I conſider it, ſuch beggars once ſet a horſe back, you haue heard will ride, how farre you had beſt to looke to.

Cap. Heare you, you that muſt be Lady, pray content your ſelfe and thinke vpon your carriage ſoone at night, what dreſſing will beſt take your knight, what waſtcote, what cordiall will doe well i'th morning for him, what tryers haue you?

VVi. What doe you meane Sir?

Cap. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him vp: if he ſtart well, feare not but cry S. *George*, and beare him hard: when you perceiue his wind growes hot, and wanting, let him a little downe, 'is fleet nere doubt him, and ſtands ſound.

VVi.

Wi. Sir, you heare theſe fellowes?

Yo. L. Merry companions, wench merry, companions:

Wi. To one another let vm be companions, but good Sir not to you: you ſhall be ciuill and ſlip off theſe baſe trappings.

Cap. He ſhall not need, my moſt ſweet Lady grocer, if hee be ciuill, not your powdered Suger, nor your Reaſens ſhall perſwade the *Captaine* to liue a Coxcome with him: Let him be ciuill and eate i'th *Arches*, and ſee what will come ont.

Yo. Let him bee ciuill, doe: vndoe him: I, thats the next way. I will not take (if hee be ciuill once) two hundred pounds a yeare to liue with him: bee ciuill? theres a trimme perſwaſion.

Cap. If thou beeſt ciuill Knight, as *Ioue* defend it, get thee another noſe, that wil be puld off by the angry boyes, for thy conuerſion: The Children thou ſhalt get on this Ciuilian cannot inherit by the law, th'are *Ethnickes*, and all thy ſport meere Morrall lechery: when they are growne hauing but little in vm, they may proouc Haberdaſhers, or groſſe Groſers, like their deare damme there: prethe be ciuill Knight, in time thou maiſt read to thy houſhold and be drunke once a yeare: this would ſhew finely.

Yo. L. I wonder ſweet heart you will offer this, you doe not vnderſtand theſe Gentlemen: I will be ſhort and pithy: I had rather caſt you off by the way of charge: theſe are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintenance of but Corne and Water. I will keepe theſe fellowes iuſt in the Competency of two Hennes:

Wid. If you can caſt it ſo Sir, you haue my liking; if they eat leſſe, I ſhould not be offended: But how theſe, Sir, can liue vppon ſo little as Corne and Water, I am vnbeleeuing.

Yo. L. Why prethee ſweet heart what's your Ale? is not that Corne and Water my ſweet Widdow?

Wid. I but my ſweet Knight, wheres the meat to this, and cloathes that they muſt looke for?

Yo. L. In this ſhort ſentence Ale, is all included: Meate, Drinke, and Cloth: theſe are no rauening foot-men, no fellowes that at Ordinaries dare eat their eighteene pence thrice out before they riſe, and yet goe hungry to play, and crack more nuts then would ſuffice a dozen Squirrels; beſides the dyn,

which is damnable: I had rather raile, and be confin'd to a *Boatemaker*, then liue among such rascalls; these are people of such a cleane discretion in their dyet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat if they but smell hot meate. *Porredge* is poyson, they hate a kitchen as they hate a counter, and show em but a Fetherbed they swound. Ale is their eating, and their drinking surely, which keeps their bodies cleere, & soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that aboliſht euen in their ale, whose loſt roome fills an apple, which is more ayre, and of subtiller *Nature*. The rest they take, is little, and that little, as little easie: For like strict men of order, they doe correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stubborne table; if a chimney offer it selfe with some few broken rushes, they are in downe: when they are sick, that's drunke, they may haue fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pamperings. For their poore apparrell, tis worne out to the dyet; new they seeke none, and if a man should offer, they are angry: scarse to be reconcyl'd againe with him: you shall not heare em aske one a cast doublet, once in a yeare, which is a modesty befitting my poore friends: you see their *Wardrope*, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things worne out of their remembrance. Lowsie they will be, when they list, and *Mangie*, which showes a fine variety: and then to cure em, a Tanners lymepit, which is little charge, two dogs, and these; these two may be cur'd for three pence.

Wi. You haue halfe perswaded me, pray vse your pleasure: and my good friends since I doe know your dyet, Ile take an order, meate shall not offend you, you shall haue ale.

Cap. Wee aske no more, let it be mighty, Lady: and if wee perish, then our owne sinnes on vs.

Yo. l. Come forward gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we haue done, Ile giue you cheere in boules. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus 5. Scena Prima.

Enter Eld: Loueleſſe.

Eld. lo. This senseleſſe woman vexes me toth' heart, she will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two houres, that I might beate her. If I had bin vnhansome, old, or iealous,

t'had bin an euen lay she might haue scorn'd me: but to be yong, and by this light I thinke as proper as the proudest; made as cleane, as straight, and strong backt; meanes and manners equall with the best cloth of siluer Sir i'th kingdome: But these are things at some time of the Moone, below the cut of Canuas: Sure shee has some Mecching raskall in her house, some hinde, that she hath seene beare (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malte vpon his backe, and sing with't, thrash all day, and ith euening in his stockings, strike vp a hornepipe, and there stink two houres, and nere a whit the worse man; these are they, these steelechind rascalls that vndoe vs all. Would I had bin a carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time: *Enter Seruant.*

Ser. Sir ther's a Gentleman without would speak with you:

Eld. lo. Bid him come in:

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leaue Sir.

Eld. lo. You are welcome, whats your will Sir?

Wel. Haue you forgotten me?

Eld. lo. I doe not much remember you.

Wel. You must Sir. I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong, in your disguise, I haue inquired you out.

El. lo. I was disguised indeed Sir if I wrongd you. Pray where and when?

Wel. In such a Ladies house Sir: I need not name her.

Eld. lo. I doe remember you: you seem'd to be a suter to that Lady:

Wel. If you remember this, doe not forget how scuruyly you vsd me: that was no place to quarrell in, pray you thinke of it: If you be honest you dare fight with me, without more vrging, else I must prouoke yee:

Eld. lo. Sir I dare fight, but neuer for a woman, I will not haue her in my cause shes Mortall and so is not my anger: If you haue brought a Nobler subiect for our swords, I am for you: in this I would be loth to prick my finger. And where you say I wrongd you, 'tis so far from my profession, that amongst my feares, to doe wrong is the greatest: credit me we haue bin both abusd, (not by our selues, for that I hold a spleene no stone of Malice, and may with man enough be left forgotten,) but by that wilfull, scornefull peece of hatred, that much forgetfull Lady: For whose

ſake, if we ſhould leaue our reaſon, and runne on vpon our ſenſe, like *Rams*: the little world of good men would laugh at vs, and deſpiſe vs, fixing vpon our deſperate memories the neuer-worne out names of Fooles, and Fencers. Sir tis not feare, but reaſon makes me tell you: in this I had rather helpe you Sir, then hurt you, and you ſhall finde it, though you throw your ſelfe into as many dangers as ſhe offers, though you redeeme her loſt name euery day, and finde her out new honours with your ſworde, you ſhall but be her mirth, as I haue bin.

Wel. I aske you mercy Sir, you haue tane my edge off: yet I would faine be euen with this Lady.

Eld. Io. In which ile be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two ſiſters, rich alike, onely the elder has the prouder dowry: In troth I pitty this diſgrace in you, yet of mine owne I am ſenſeleſſe: doe but follow my counſell, and ile pawne my ſpirit, we'le ouerreach em yet; the meanes is this.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir theres a Gentlewoman will needs ſpeake with you: I cannot keep her out, ſhe's entered Sir:

Eld. Io. It is the waitingwoman, pray be not ſeene: ſirra holdher in diſcourſe awhile: harke in your eare, goe, and diſpatch it quickly, when I come in Ile tell you all the proiect.

Wel. I care not which I haue. *Exit Welforde.*

Eld. Io. Away, tis done, ſhe muſt not ſee you: now Lady *Gwinnet*, what newes with you?

Enter Abigall:

Abi. Pray leaue theſe frumps Sir, and receiue this letter.

Eld. Io. From whom good vanity?

Abi. 'Tis from my Lady Sir: alas good ſoule, ſhee cries and takes on:

Eld. Io. Do's ſhe ſo good ſoule? wod ſhe not haue a Cawdle? do's ſhe ſend you with your fine Oratory goody *Tully* to tye me to beleife againe? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree whore, then with my tyller bring downe your *Gibſhip*, and then haue you caſt, and hung vp ith warren.

Abi. I am no beaſt Sir: would you knew it:

Eld. Io. Wod I did, for I am yet very doubtfull: what will you ſay now?

Abi. Nothing not I:

Eld. Io.

Eld. lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Abi. Vnlesse youle heare mee with more moderation; I can speake wise enough:

Eld. lo. And loud enough: will your Lady loue me?

Abi. It seemes so by her letter, and her lamentations: but you are such another man:

Eld. lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not be: ile reade her fine Epistle: ha, ha, ha: is not thy Mistresse mad?

Abi. For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should vse a poore gentlewoman so vntowardly: she loues the ground you tread on: and you (hard hart) because she iested with you, meane to kill her: 'tis a fine conquest as they say:

Eld. lo. Hast thou so much moysture in thy whitleather hyde yet, that thou can'st cry? I wod haue sworne thou hadst beene touchwood fiue yeare since: Nay let it raine, thy Face chops for a shower like a dry dunghyll.

Abi. Ile not endure this Ribaldry: Farwell ith' Diuels name: if my Lady die, ile be sworne before a Iurye, thou art the cause on't:

Eld. lo. Doe Maukin doe: deliuer to your Lady from me this: I meane to see her, if I haue no other businesse; which before ile want to come to her, I meane to goe seeke byrds nests: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this doore till I see her, will I thinke how to raile vildly at her; how to vexe her, and make her cry so much, that the Phisition if she fall sick vpon't shall want vryne to finde the cause by: and she remedilesse die in her heresie: Farwell old Adage, I hope to see the boyes make Potguns on thee.

Abi. Th'art a vyle man; God blesse my issue from thee.

Eld. lo. Thou hast but one, and thats in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so; you must be ground ith breech like a top, youle nere spin well else: Farwell Fytchocke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not strange that euery womans will should tracke out new waies to disturbe her selfe? if I should call my reason to accoumpt, it cannot answere why I stoppe my selfe from mine owne wish; and stoppe the man I loue from hiss: and euery houre repent againe, yet still goe on: I know 'tis like a man, that wants his naturall sleep, and growing dull, would gladly giue the remnant of his life for two howers rest: yet through his frowardnesse, will rather chuse to watch another man,

drowsie

Drowsie as he, then take his owne repose. All this I know: yet a strange peuishnes and anger, not to haue the power to doe thinges vnexpected, carryes me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather dye sometimes then not disgrace in publike him whom people thinke I loue, and doo't with oaths; and am in earnest then: O what are wee! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such thinges as wee command. How now? what newes?

Abi. Faith Madam none worth hearing. *Ent. Abi.*

La. Is he not come? *Abi.* No tru'ly.

La. Nor has he writ?

Abi. Neither. I pray God you haue not vndone your selfe:

La. Why, but what sayes hee?

Abi. Faith he talkes strangely: *La.* How strangely?

Abi. First at your Letter he laught extreamly:

La. What in contempt?

Abi. He laught monstrous loud, as he would dye, and when you wrote it, I thinke you were in no such merry mood, to prouoke him that way: and hauing done he cryed alas for her, and violently laught againe.

La. Did he? *Abi.* yes till I was angry:

La. Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he did doe but well; I did deserue it, hee had beene a foole, an vnfit man for any one to loue, had he not laught thus at mee: you were angry, that show'd your folly; I shall loue him more for that, then all that ere he did before: but said he nothing else?

Abi. Many vncertaine things: he said though you had mock't him, because you were a woman, he could wish to doe you so much fauour as to see you: yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leaue.

La. What one was that?

Abi. I know not, but truely I doe feare there is a making vp there: for I heard the seruants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came backe through the hall, there were two or three Clarkes writing great conueyances in hast; which they said were for their Mistris ioynture.

La. Tis very like and fit it should be so, for he does thinke, and reasonably thinke, that I should keepe him with my idle tricks for euer ere he maried.

Abi. At

Abi. At laſt he ſaid, it ſhould goe hard but he would ſee you for your ſatisfaction.

La. All we that are cal'd Women, know as well as men, it were a farre more Noble thing to grace where wee are grac't, and giue reſpect there where wee are reſpected: yet we practiſe a wilder courſe, and neuer bend our eyes on men with pleaſure, till they finde the way to giue vs a neglect: then we, too late, perceiue the loſſe of what we might haue had, and dote to death. *Ent. Martha.*

Ma. Siſter, yonders your Seruant, with a gentlewoman with him.

La. VVhere? *Mar.* Cloſe at the dore.

La. Ahlas I am vndone, I feare he is betroth'd.
VVhat kind of woman is ſhe?

Mar. A moſt ill fauoured one, with her Maſque on:
And how her face ſhould mend the reſt I know not.

La. But yet her minde is of a milder ſtuffe then mine was.

Enter Fld. Loueleſſe, and Welford in womans apparrell.

La. Now I ſee him, if my heart ſwell not againe (away thou womans pride) ſo that I cannot ſpeake a gentle word to him, let me not liue.

El. Lo. By your leaue here.

La. How now, what new tricke inuites you hither?
Ha' you a fine deuice againe?

El. Lo. Faith this is the fineſt deuice I haue now:
How doſt thou ſweet heart?

Wel. VVhy very well, ſo long as I may pleaſe
You my deare Louer: I nor can, nor will
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy ſweet temper: what would I haue giuen, that lady had beene like thee: ſeeſt thou her? that face (my loue) joynd with thy humble minde, had made a wench indeede.

Wel. Alas my loue, what God hath done, I dare not thinke to mend: I vſe no paint, nor any drugs of Arte, my hands and face will ſhew it.

La. VVhy what thing haue you brought to ſhew vs there? doe you take money for it?

El. Lo. A Godlike thing, not to be bought for money: tis my Miſtres: in whom there is no paſſions, nor no ſcorne: what I will is for law; pray you ſalute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light I would not kiſſe her for

El.lo. Why, why pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you: looke you.

La. Now fie vpon thee, a beast would not haue don't; I would not kisse thee of a month to gaine a Kingdome.

El.lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

La. VVhy was there euer such a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art madde.

El.Lo. I was mad once, when I lou'd pictures: for what are shape and colours else, but pictures? in that tawny hide there lies an endles masse of vertues; when all your red & white ones want it.

La. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

El.Lo. Yes indeed is't. *La.* God giue you joy. *El.lo.* Amen.

Wel. I thanke you, as vnknowne, for your good wish.
The like to you, when euer you shall wed.

El.Lo. O gentle spirit.

La. You thanke me? I pray
Keepe your breath neerer you, I doe not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all:
Much lesse a lady of your worthy parts.

El. lo. Sweet, Sweet.

La. I doe not thinke this woman can by nature be thus,
Thus vgly: sure shee's some common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of sinne.

Wel. O Sir beleeue not this: for heauen so comfort me as I am free from foule pollution with any man: my honour tane away, I am no vvoman.

El. lo. Arise my deerest soule: I doe not credit it. Alas, I feare her tender heart will breake with this reproach: fie that you know no more ciuillitie to a weake virgin. Tis no matter Sweet, let her say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all: be careless.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honour:
Me thinks.

El. lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd.
Is this the businesse that you sent for me about?

Ma. Faith Sister you are much to balme, to vse a woman, what-soe're she be, thus: Ile salute her: You are vvelcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thanke you.

El.lo. Milde still as the Doue, for all these iniuries. Come, shall

vve goe, I loue thee not ſo ill to keepe thee heere a jeſting ſtocke. Adue to the vvorlds end.

La. VVhy vvhither now?

El. lo. Nay you ſhal neuer know, becauſe you ſhal not finde me.

La. I pray let me ſpeake vvith you.

El. lo. Tis very vvell: come.

La. I pray you let me ſpeake vvith you.

El. lo. Yes for another mocke.

La. By heauen I haue no mocks: good Sir a vvord.

El. lo. Though you deſerue not ſo much at my hands, yet if you be in ſuch earneſt, I vvill ſpeake a vvord vvith you: but I beſeech you bee briefe; for in good faith there's a Parſon, and a licence ſtay for vs i'th Church all this vvhile: & you know tis night.

La. Sir, giue mee hearing patiently, and vvhatſoeuer I haue heretofore ſpoke jeſtingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, vvhat I ſhall vtter now is from my heart, and as I meane.

El. lo. Well, vvell, vvhat doe you meane?

La. VVas not I once your Miſtres, and you my Seruant?

El. lo. O'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay good Sir ſtay me out: I vvould but heare you excuſe your ſelfe, vvhy you ſhould take this vvoman, and leaue me.

El. lo. Prethee vvhy not, deſerues ſhe not as much as you?

La. I thinke not, if you vvill looke
VVith an indifferencie vpon vs both.

El. lo. Vpon your faces, tis true: but if judicially vve ſhall caſt our eies vpon your mindes, you are a thouſand weomen of her in worth: Shee cannot ſound in jeſt, nor ſet her louer tasks, to ſhew her peeuiſhnes, and his affection: nor croſſe what he ſaies, though it bee Canonicall. Shee's a good plaine wench, that will doe as I will haue her, and bring mee luſty boyes to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of lead: and for a wife, ſhee's farre beyond you: what can you doe in a houſhold, to prouide for your iſſue, but lye a bed and get vm? your buſineſſe is to dreſſe you, and at idle houres to eate; when ſhe can doe a thouſand profitable things: She can doe pretty well in the Paſtry, and knows how pullen ſhould be cram'd: ſhe cuts Cambricke at a thrid: weaues bone-lace, and quilts balls: And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that ſhe were farre beyond me in all reſpects, do'es that giue you a licence to forſweare your ſelfe?

El. lo. Forſweare my ſelfe, how?

La. Perhaps you haue forgot the innumerable oathes you haue vttered in diſclaiming all for wiues but mee: Ile not remember you: God giue you ioy.

El. lo. Nay but conceiue mee, the intent of oaths is euer vnderſtood. Admit I ſhould proteſt to ſuch a friend, to ſee him at his lodging to morrow: Diuines would neuer hold me periur'd, if I were ſtruck blinde, or he hid him where my diligent ſearch could not finde him: ſo there were no croſſe act of mine owne in't. Can it bee imagined I meant to force you to marriage, and to haue you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you neede not. I make already tender of my ſelfe, and then you are forſworne.

El. lo. Some ſinne I ſee indeede muſt neceſſarily fall vpon me, as whoſoeuer deals with women ſhal neuer vtterly auoide it: yet I would chuſe the leaſt ill; which is to forſake you, that haue done me all the abuſes of a malignant woman, contemn'd my ſeruice, and would haue held me prating about marriage, till I had beene paſt getting of children: then her that hath forſooke her family, and put her tender bodie in my hand, vpon my word.

La. Which of vs ſwore you firſt to?

El. lo: VVhy to you.

La. VVhich oath is to be kept then.

El. lo I prethee doe not vrge my ſinnes vnto me,
Without I could amend vm.

La. VVhy you may by wedding me.

El. lo. How will that ſatisfie my word to her?

La. Tis not to be kept, and needs no ſatisfaction,
Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

El. lo. Shall I liue to wrong that tender hearted virgin ſo? It may not be.

La. VVhy may it not be?

El. lo: I ſweare I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honeſty.

La. VVhat honeſty? Tis more preſeru'd this way:
Come, by this light ſeruant thou ſhalt, Ile kiſſe thee on't.

El. lo. This kiſſe indeede is ſweet, pray God no ſin lie vnder it.

La. There is no ſinne at all, trie but another.

Wel. O my heart.

Mar. Helpe ſiſter, this ladie ſwounes.

El.lo. How doe you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be ſo.

El.lo. Suce a puiet minde liues not in any woman: I ſhal doe a moſt vngodly thing. Heare me one word more, vvhich by all my hopes I will not alter. I did make an oath when you delaid me ſo; that this very night I would be marrted. Now if you will goe without delay, ſuddenly, as late as it is, vvith your owne Miniſter to your owne Chappel, Ile wed you, and to bed.

La. A match deare ſeruant.

El.lo. For if you ſhould forſake me now, I care not, ſhe would not though for all her iniuries, ſuch is her ſpirit, If I bee not aſhamed to kiſſe her now I part, may I not liue.

Wel. I ſee you goe, as ſliely as you thinke to ſteale away: yet I vvil pray for you; All bleſſings of the vvorld light on you two, that you may liue to be an aged paire. Al curſes on me if I doe not ſpeake what I doe vviſh indeede.

El.lo. If I can ſpeake to purpoſe to her, I am a vill. ine.

La. Seruant away.

Mar. Siſter, vvil you marry that inconſtant man? thinke you he vvil not caſt you off to morrow, to wrong a ladie thus, lookt ſhe like durt, twas baſely done. May you nere proſper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I vvas vnworthy, ſo I told him.

Mar. That vvas your modeſty, too good for him.
I vvould not ſee your vvedding for a vvorld.

La. Chuſe, chuſe, come *Yonglove.* *Ex. La. El.lo. & Yong.*

Mar. Drie vp your eies forſooth, you ſhall not thinke vve are all vnciuill, all ſuch beaſts as theſe. VVould I knew hovv to giue you a reuenge.

Wel. So vvould not I: No let me ſuffer truly, that I deſire.

Mar. Pray vvalke in vvith me, tis very late, and you ſhal ſtay all night: your bed ſhal be no vvorſe then mine; I vviſh I could but doe you right.

Wel. My humble thankes:
God grant I may but liue to quit your loue. *Exeunt*

Enter Yong Loueleſſe and Sauill.

Young lo. Did your Maſter ſend for me *Sauil?*

Sa. Yes he did ſend for your vvorſhip ſir.

Yo. lo. Doe you knovv the buſineſſe?

Sa. Alas Sir I know nothing, nor am imployed beyond my

hovvers of eating. My dancing daies are done sir.

Yo.lo. VVhat art thou novv then.

Sa. If you consider me in little, I am with your vvorships reuerence sir, a rascal: one that vpon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high vvay, and sel svvitches. My vvife is learning nevv sir to vveaue inckle.

Yo.lo. What dost thou meane to doe vvith thy children *Sauil*?

Sa. My eldest boy is halfe a rouge already, he vvas borne burSten, and your worship knowes, that is a pretty steppe to mens capassions. My youngest boy I purpose sir to binde for ten yeeres to a Ioaler, to drawe vnder him, that he may shew vs mercy in his function.

Yo.lo. Your family is quartered with discretion: you are resolued to cant then: where *Sauil* shall your sceane lie.

Sa. Beggars must be no choosers:
In euery place (I take it) but the stockes.

Yo.lo. This is your drinking, and your whoring *Sauil*,
I tould you of it, but your heart was hardned.

Sa. Tis true, you were the first that tolde me of it, I doe remember yet in teares, you told me you would haue whores, and in that passion sir, you broke our thus; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshed. Tis noone ere we be drunke now, and the time can tarry for no man.

Yo.lo. Y'are growne a bitter Gentlememan. I see misery can can cleere your head better then mustard. Ile be a sutor for your keyes againe sir.

Sa. Wil you but be so gratious to me sir? I shal be bound.

Yo.lo. You shall sir,
To your bunch againe, or Ile misse fouly. *Enter Moorcraft.*

Mo. Saue you gent. saue you.

Yo.lo. Now Pole-cat, what young Rabets nest haue you to drawe?

Mo. Come, pre thee bee familiar Knight.

Yo.lo. Away Fox, Ile send for Terriers for you.

Mo. Thou art wide yet: Ile keepe thee companie.

Yo.lo. I am about some businesse; Indentures,
If ye follow me Ile beate you: take heede,
As I liue Ile cancell your Coxcombe.

Mo. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no vsurer:

what

VVhat poore fellow's this? *Sa.* I am poore indeede sir.

Mo. Giue him money Knight.

Yo.lo. Doe you begin the offring.

Mo. There pore fellow, heer's an angel for thee.

Yo lo. Art thou in earnest *Moorcraft*?

Mo. Yes faith Knight, Ile follow thy example: thou hadst land and thousands, thou spendst, and flungst away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchasde, wrung, and wierdraw'd for my wealth, lost, and was cozend: for which I make a vowe, to trie all the waies aboue ground; but Ile finde a constant meanes to riches without curses.

Yo.lo. I am glad of your conuersion Mr. *Moorcraft*: y'are in a faire course, praye pursue it still.

Mo. Come, we are all gallants now, Ile keepe thee company; Heere honest fellow, for this gentlemans sake, theres two angels more for thee.

Sa. God quit you sir, and keepe you longe in this minde.

Yr.lo. VVilt thou persever?

Mo. Til I haue a penny. I haue braue clothes a making, and two horses; canst thou not helpe me to a Match Knight, Ile lay a a thousand pound vpon my crop-eare.

Yo.lo. Foote thit is stranger then an *Affrick* monster,
The re will be no more talke of the *Cleaue* wars
VVhilst this lasts, come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sa. VVould all his damb'd tribe were as tender hearted. I beseech you let this gent. ioyne with you in the recouery of my Keyes; I like his good beginning sir, the whilst Ile pray for both your worships. *Yo.lo.* He shall sir.

Mo. Shall we goe noble Knight? I would faine be acquainted.

Yo.lo. Ile be your seruant sir. *Exeunt.*

Ent El. Louelesse and Ladie.

El.lo. Faith my sweet Ladie, I haue caught you now, mauger your subtilties, and fine deuises, be coy againe now.

La. Prethee sweeteheart tell true.

El.lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I haue had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozend meerely. I haue cast beyond your vvit. That gent. is your retainer *Welford.*

La. It cannot be so.

El.lo. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake: marke hovv she

bluſhes when you ſee her next. Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall not trauell now, ha, ha, ha.

La. Prethee ſweet heart be quiet, thou haſt angerd me at heart.

El.lo. Ile pleaſe you ſoone againe. *La.* Welford.

El.lo. I *Welford*, hee's a young hanſome fellow, well bred and landed: your ſiſter can inſtrnct you in his good parts better then I by this time.

La. Vdsfoote, am I fetcht ouer thus?

El.lo. Yes ifaith.

And ouer ſhall be fetcht againe, neuer feare it.

La. I muſt be patient, though it torture me:

You haue got the Sunne Sir.

El. lo. And the Moone too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I knowne this, had I but ſurmiz'd it, you ſhould haue hunted three traines more, before you had come to'th courſe, you ſhould haue hanckt o'th bridle, Sir, ifaith.

El.lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and ſo blew you vp. Now you may ſee the Gentlewoman: ſtand cloſe.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For Godsſake Sir be priuate in this buſines,

You haue vndone me elſe. O God, what haue I done?

Wel. No harme I warrant thee.

Mar. How ſhall I looke vpon my friends againe?

With what face?

Wel. Why e'ne with that: tis a good one, thou canſt not finde a better: looke vpon all the faces thou ſhalt ſee there, and you ſhall finde vm ſmooth ſtill, faire ſtill, ſweet ſtill, and to your thinking honeſt: thoſe haue done as much as you haue yet, or dare doe Miſtres, and yet they keepe no ſtirre.

Ma. Good Sir goe in, and put your womans cloathes on: If you be ſeene thus, I am loſt for euer.

Wel. Ile watch you for that Miſtres: I am no foole, heere will I tarry till the houſe be vp and witnes with me.

Mar. Good deare friend goe in.

Wel. To bed againe if you pleaſe, elſe I am fixt heere, till there be notice taken what I am, and what I haue done: If you could iuggle me into my woman-hood againe, & ſo cog me out of your company, all this would be forſworne, and I againe an *aſinego*, as your Siſter left me. No, Ile haue it knowne and publiſht; then if

you'le be a whore, forsake me, & be sham'd: & when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast *Cleue Captaine*, and sell Bottle-ale.

Mar. I dare not stay sir, vse me modestly, I am your wife.

Wel. Goe in, Ile make vp all.

El.lo. Ile be a witnes to your naked truth Sir: this is the gentlewoman, prethee looke vpon him, this is he that made me breake my faith Sweet: but thanke your sister, she hath soderd it.

La. VVhat a dull asse was I, I could not see this wencher from a wench: twentie to one, if I had beene but tender like my sister, he had serued me such a slippery tricke too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El.lo. I would haue watcht you Sir, by your good patience, for ferretting in my ground.

La. Yow haue beene with my Sister. *Wel.* Yes, to bring.

El.lo. An heire into the world he meanes.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I haue had my part on't: I haue beene chaft this three houres, thats the least, I am reasonable coole now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roft-meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not blesse the founders, is either surfetted, or ill taught, Ladie: for mine owne part, I haue found so sweet a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El.lo. How like you this dish, *Welford*, I made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleepe.

La. By this light, had I but sented out your traine, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your armes, & kist that, or else the bed-post, for any wife yee had got this twelue-month yet: I would haue vext you more then a tyr'd post-horse: & bin longer bearing, then euer after-game at *Irish* vvas. Lord, that I were vnmaried againe.

El.lo. Lady, I vvould not vndertake yee, vvere you againe a *Haggard*, for the best cast of fore Ladies i'th Kingdome: you were euer tickle footed, and would not trusse round?

Wel. Is she fast? *El.lo.* She vvas all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her vvithout feare of loosing: take off her Cranes. You haue a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister: Lord vvhat a pretty fury she vvas in, vvhen she perceiued I vvas a man: but I thanke God I satisfied her scruple, vvithout the Parson o'th towne.

El.lo. What did ye?

Wel. Maddame, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd guesse at it I see by her.

La. Well you may mocke vs: but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but seene into you, you should haue had another bedfellow, fitter a great deale for your itch.

Wel. I thanke you Lady, me thought it was well,
You are so curious.

Enter Young Loueleſſe, his Lady, Moorecraft, Sauill and two Seruingmen.

El. Lo. Get on your dublet, here comes my brother.

Yo. Lo. Good morrow brother, and all good to your Lady.

Mo. God saue you, and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

La. Fie how this shames me.

Mo. Prethee good fellow helpe me to a cup of Beere.

Ser. I will Sir,

Yo. lo. Brother what make you here? will this Lady doe? Will she? is she not nettel'd still?

El. Lo. No, I haue cur'd her.
Mr. *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, is my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to loue him.

Yo. lo. I shall not be your debter Sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may bee man'; I am married: your new acquaintance hath her Sister: and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Sister,
How doe you finde my brother?

La. Almost as wilde as you are.

Yo. Lo. A will make the better husband: you haue tride him?

La. Against my will Sir.

Yo. Lo. Hee'le make your will amends soone, doe not doubt it.
But Sir, I must intreat you to be better knowne
To this conuerted *Iew* here.

Ser. Here's Beere for you Sir.

Mo. And here's for you an angell:
Pray buy no Land, t'will neuer prosper Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Blesse you, and then Ile tell: He's turn'd Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

Yo. lo. I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Moorecraft*:

The reason Ile informe you, at more leisure,
Wel. O good Sir let me know him presently.
Yo.lo. You shall hug one an other.
Mo. Sir I must keepe you company. *El.lo.* And reason.
Yo.lo. Cutting *Moorcraft* saees about. I must present another.
Mo. As many as you will Sir, I am for vm.
Wel. Sir I shall doe you seruice.
Mo. I shal looke for't in good faith sir.
El. lo. Prethee good sweet-heart kisse him.
La. Who, that fellow?
Sa. Sir will it please you to remember me: my keyes good sir.
Yo. Lo. I'le doe it presently.
El.Lo. Come thou shalt kisse him for our sport sake.
La. Let him come on then: and doe you heare, doe not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.
Eld.Lo. That at my perill. Lusty Mr. *Moorecraft*,
Heere is a Ladie would salute you.
Mo. She shall not loose her longing Sir: what is she?
El.Lo. My wife Sir.
Mo. She must be then my Mistres.
La. Must I Sir: *El. lo.* O yes, you must.
Mo. And you must take this ring, a poore pawne,
Of some fifty pound.
El. lo: Take it by any meanes, tis lawfull prise.
La. Sir I shall call you seruant.
Mo. I shall be proud on't: what fellow's that:
Yo.Lo. My Ladies Coach-man.
Mo. Ther's something (my friend) for you to buy whips,
And for you sir, and you sir.
El. lo. Vnder a miracle this is the strangest,
I euer heard of.
Mo. What shall we play, or drinke? what shall we doe?
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pound?
Wel. Stranger and Stranger!
Sir you shall finde sport after a day or two.
Yong.Lo. Sir I haue a sute vnto you,
Concerning your old seruant *Sauill.*
El. lo. O, for his keyes, I know it,
Sa. Now sir, strike in.

Mo. Sir I must haue you grant me.

El.lo. Tis done Sir, take your keyes againe:
But harke you *Sauill*, leaue of the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze againe.
Ile trie you once more.

Sa. If euer I be taken drunke, or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i'th bunch, and open
My head with it Sir: I humbly thanke your worships.

El.lo. Nay then I see we must keepe holiday
Heers the last couple in hell.

Ent. Roger, & Abigall.

Ro. Ioy be amongst you all.

La. Why how now sir, what is the meaning of this Embleme?

Ro. Marriage an't like your worship.

La. Are you married?

Ro. As well as the next priest could doe it, Madam.

Eld.Lo. I thinke the signes in *Gemini*, heer's such coupling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweete-heart to night?

Ro. Not the best benifice in your worships gift Sir.

Wel. A whorson, how he swels.

Yo.Lo. How many times to night Sir *Roger*?

Ro. Sir you grow scurrilous:
What I shall doe, I shall doe: I shall not neede your helpe.

Yo. Lo. For horse flesh *Roger*.

El.lo. Come prethee be not angry, tis a day
Giuen wholly to our mirth.

La. It shall be so sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
VVe shall intreate to be at our charge.

El. lo. *Welford* get you to Church: by this light,
You shall not lie with her againe, till y'are married.

Wel. I am gone.

Mo. To euery Bride I dedicate this day:
Six healths a peece, and it shall goe hard,
But euery one a Iewell: Come be mad Boyes.

El.lo. Th'art in a goed beginniug: come who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall haue the *Van*: leade the way:
VVould euery dogged wench had such a day.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

APR 14 1923